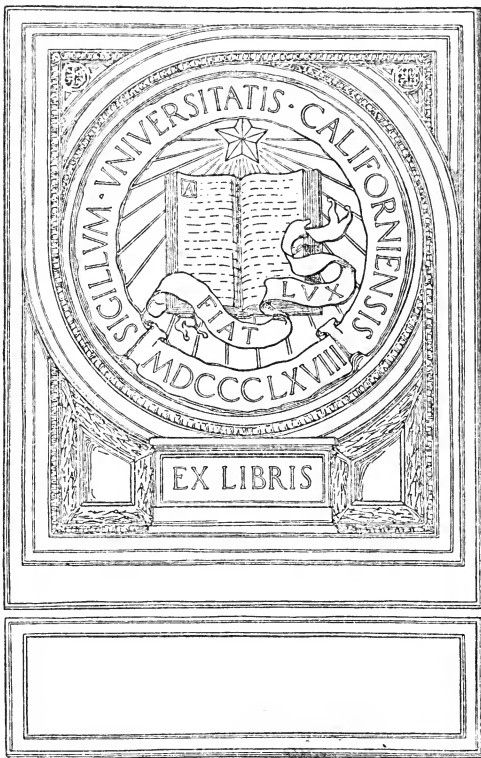
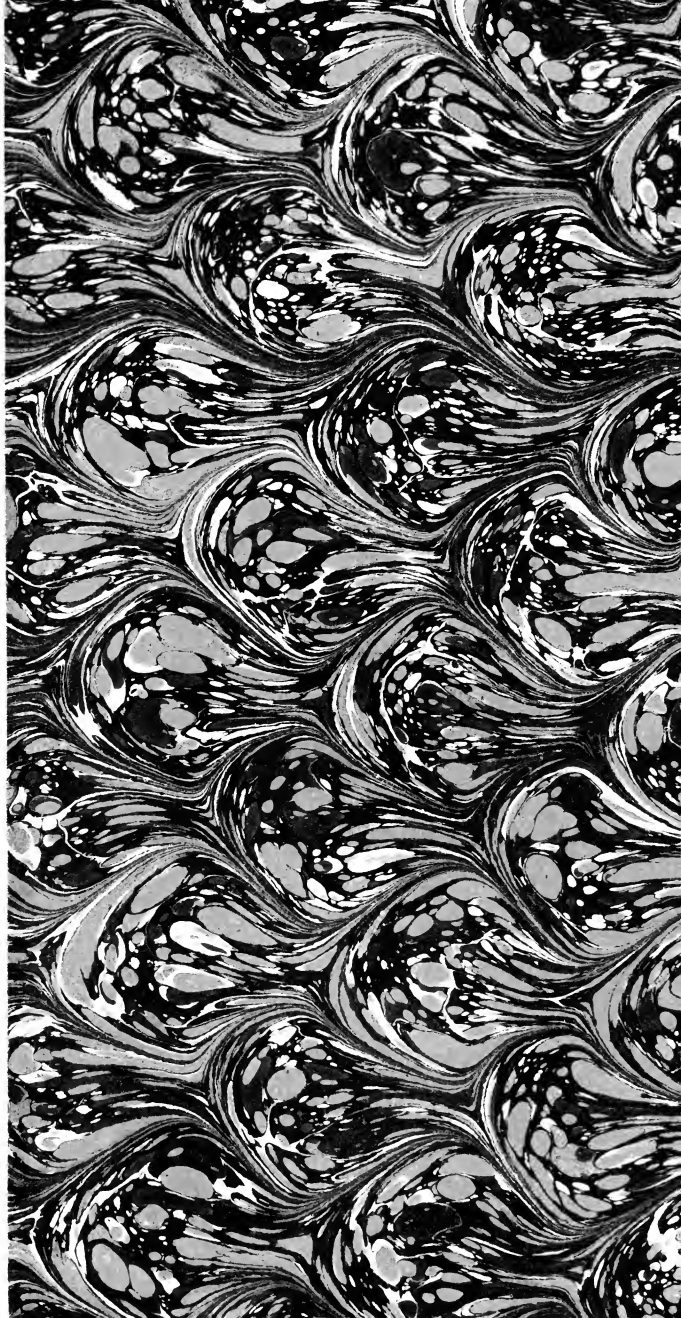


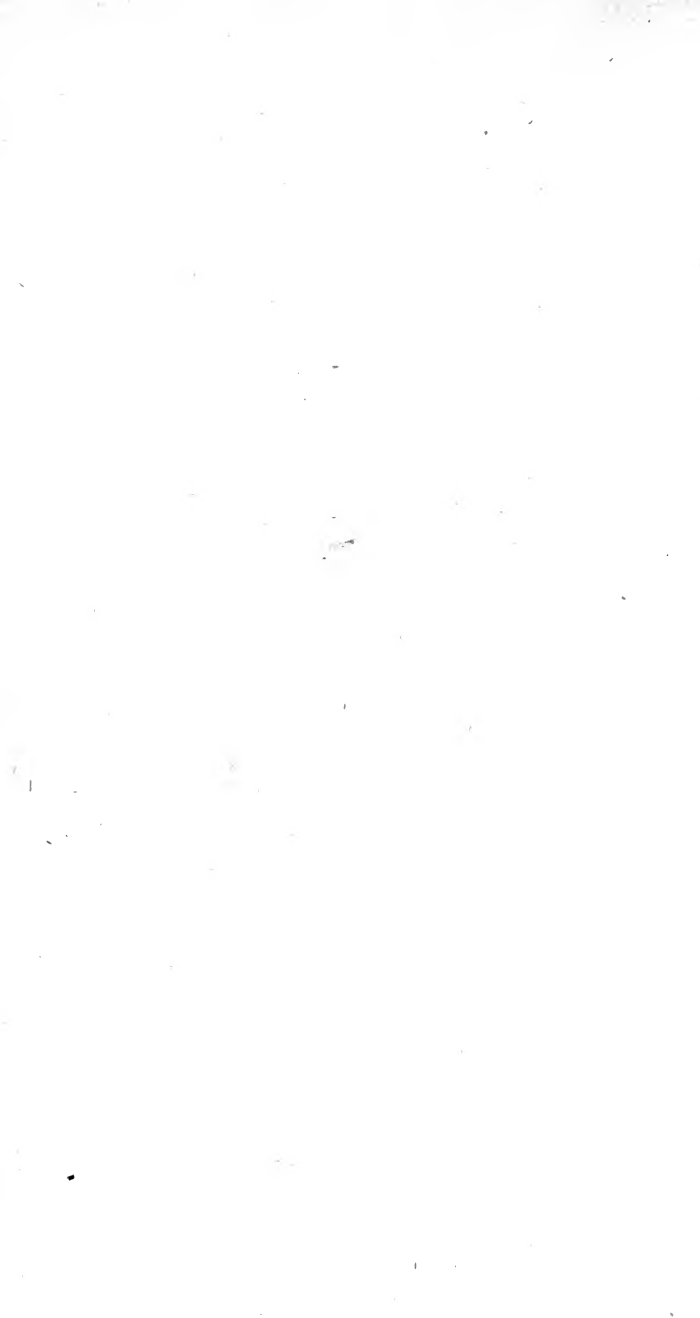
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THE LIFE
OF
ANDREW MARVELL,

THE CELEBRATED PATRIOT:

WITH

EXTRACTS AND SELECTIONS

FROM HIS

PROSE AND POETICAL WORKS.

BY

JOHN DOVE.

“ Among innumerable false, unmov'd,
Unshaken, unseduc'd, untterrify'd,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal,—
Nor number, nor example, with *him* wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,
Though single.”

MILTON.

LONDON:

SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL, STATIONERS'-HALL-COURT;

JOHN HEATON, LEEDS; AND JAMES PURDON, HULL.

1832.

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P R E F A C E.

The Biographical Memoir now submitted to the Public, was intended to have commenced a series of Lives, to be published under the title of "*The Worthies of Yorkshire and Lancashire*," for which a Prospectus was issued last March.

As the original Editor and Compiler of that Work, the writer of the present Life, made considerable Collections for the purpose of carrying it into effect with credit and punctuality. He had not proceeded far, however, when he found himself frustrated in his wish to have the Work conducted with that exactness and regularity which was promised in the Prospectus.

This circumstance determined him to relinquish it; but not wishing that his labours should be entirely lost, he now presents the Public with a Life of ANDREW MARVELL, in a detached form. Should the present Memoir be favourably received,

it is his intention to publish, at distant intervals, the Lives of some of the most eminent Yorkshiremen—for which he possesses ample materials.

Though it has been the endeavour of the Compiler of this Life to make it as perfect as possible, he will esteem it a favour (through the medium of his Publisher) to be furnished with, or directed to, further information respecting the illustrious Patriot who is the subject of the present Work.

August 24th, 1832.

ANDREW MARVELL.

IT is the privilege of posterity to adjust the characters of illustrious persons:—ANDREW MARVELL has therefore become a celebrated name, and is now known as one of the most incorruptible patriots that England, or any other country, ever produced. The “British Aristides” has been long the great exemplar of public and private integrity. A character so exalted and pure astonished a corrupt age, and overawed even majesty itself. His manners were Roman: he lived on the turnip of Curtius, and would have bled at Philippi.

As a *Poet*, too, Marvell possesses considerable merit, and as a *Satirist* he was one of the keenest in the luxuriant age of Charles II. It is not matter of surprise, when the literary character of MILTON was so long in struggling into public admiration, that the poetical fame of Marvell should experience a similar fate.* If the humiliating and sturdy prejudices of Dr. JOHNSON were so far overcome, or overawed, as charitably to admit the biography of Milton among his “Lives of the Poets,” he could hardly be expected to chronicle the stern patrio-

* The following proof of political prejudice, earlier than Johnson's day, may not be known:—“JOHN MILTON was one whose natural parts might deservedly give him a place amongst the principal of our English Poets, having written two heroic poems and a tragedy, viz:—Paradise Lost, Paradise Regained, and Samson Agonistes; but his fame is gone out like a candle in a snuff, and his memory will always stink, which might have ever lived in honourable repute, had he not been a notorious traitor, and most impiously and villanously belied that blessed martyr, King Charles I.”—*Lives of the most famous English Poets*, &c. 1687, by Wm. Winstanley.

tism, or fugitive poetry, of Marvell; nor, indeed, would it have been desirable that Johnson should have shown him such a distinction, if the price of it had been injustice proportionate to that lavished on Marvell's illustrious friend and coadjutor in office.

MARVELL was born at Kingston-upon-Hull, on the 15th of November, 1620; and discovering a genius for letters, was sent, at the early age of fifteen, with an exhibition belonging to his native place, to Trinity College, Cambridge. He had not been long, however, before (like Chillingworth) he was enticed from his studies by the JESUITS, who were then seeking converts with industrious proselytism among the young men of distinguished abilities—especially in the Universities; and they succeeded in inveigling Marvell from college to London, where his father followed and quickly restored him to the University. It appears that, like every mind of ardent and undisciplined feeling, he went through the usual course of rapidly succeeding extremes and inconsistent opinions. So powerful and vigorous an intellect, however, soon subsided into rational and wise views of the principles of human conduct, showing that, in proportion to the difficulty of discovering truth, is the usual estimation of its value. On the 13th of April, as appears from his own hand-writing, Marvell was again received at Trinity College, and, during the two following years, it seems that he pursued his studies with unremitting application, when his *father's* lamentable death gave a new turn to his mind.*

* The Rev. ANDREW MARVELL, A.M. father of the patriot, was born at Mildred, in Cambridgeshire, in 1586. He was a Student of Emanuel College in that University, where he took his degree of Master of Arts, in 1608. Afterwards he was elected Master of the Grammar School at Hull, and in 1624, Lecturer of Trinity Church in that town. "He was a most excellent preacher," says FULLER, "who, like a good husband, never broached what

In the year 1640, a melancholy accident put an end to this good man's life, the particulars of which are thus related:—"On that shore of the Humber opposite Kingston, lived a lady whose virtue and good sense recommended her to the esteem of Mr. Marvell, as his piety and understanding caused her to take particular notice of him. From this mutual approbation arose an intimate acquaintance, which was soon improved into a strict friendship. This lady had an only daughter, whose duty, devotion, and exemplary behaviour, had endeared her to all who knew her, and rendered her the darling of her mother, whose fondness for her arose to such a height that she could scarcely bear her temporary absence. Mr. Marvell, desiring to perpetuate the friendship between the families, requested the lady to allow her daughter to come over to Kingston, to stand god-mother to a child of his; to which, out of her great regard to him, she consented, though depriving herself of her daughter's company for a longer space of time than she would have agreed to on any other consideration. The young lady went over to Kingston accordingly, and the ceremony was performed. The next day, when she came down to the river side, in order to return home, it being extremely rough, so as to render the passage dangerous, the watermen earnestly dissuaded her from any attempt to cross the river that day. But she, who had never wilfully given her mother a moment's uneasi-

he had new-brewed, but preached what he had studied some competent time before: insomuch that he was wont to say that he would cross the common proverb, which called 'Saturday the working day, and Monday the holiday of Preachers.' His excellent comment on *St. Peter*," Fuller continues, "was *then* daily desired and expected, if the envy and covetousness of private persons, *for their own use*, deprive not the public of the benefit thereof." —*Fuller's Worthies*, p. 159.

Mr. Marvell greatly distinguished himself during the plague in 1637, by a fearless performance of his clerical duties, amid all the grim horrors of that devastating period; and his Funeral Sermons are said to have been most eloquent specimens of pathetic oratory.

ness, and knowing how miserable she would be, insisted on going, notwithstanding all that could be urged by the watermen, or by Mr. Marvell, who earnestly entreated her to return to his house, and wait for better weather. Finding her resolutely bent to venture her life rather than disappoint a fond parent, he told her, as she had brought herself into that perilous situation on *his* account, he thought himself obliged, both in honour and conscience, to share the danger with her; and having, with difficulty, persuaded some watermen to attempt the passage, they got into the boat. Just as they put off, Mr. Marvell threw his gold-headed cane on shore, to some of his friends, who attended at the water-side, telling them, that as he could not suffer the young lady to go alone, and as he apprehended the consequence might be fatal, if he perished, he desired them to give that cane to his son, and bid him remember his father. Thus armed with innocence, and his fair charge with filial duty, they set forward to meet their inevitable fate. The boat was upset, and they were both lost."

Thus perished Mr. Marvell, in the 54th year of his age, a man eminent for virtue and learning, universally lamented by his friends, and the people of Hull in general. The son gives this character of his father, in "*The Rehearsal Transposed*:"—"He died before the war broke out, having lived with some reputation both for piety and learning; and was, moreover, a conformist to the rites and ceremonies of the Church of England, though I confess none of the most over-running, or eager in them." ECHARD, in his history, styles Mr. Marvell "the facetious *Calvinistical* Minister of Hull."

The extreme grief in which this melancholy event plunged the young lady's mother may be conceived:

however, after her sorrow was somewhat abated, she sent for young Marvell, who was then at Cambridge, and did what she could towards supplying the loss *he* had sustained, and at her decease left him all that she possessed.

Whether Marvell went down to Hull to take possession of the small fortune his father had left him, and by possessing it, grew negligent of his studies, is uncertain; but it appears that he, and four other students had absented themselves from their exercises, and been guilty of other indiscretions; which made the Masters and Seniors come to a resolution to refuse them the benefits of the College. In the Conclusion Book, Sept. 24th, 1641, appears the following entry:—"It is agreed by the Masters and Seniors, that Mr. Carter, Dominus Wakefield, Dominus *Marvell*, Dominus Waterhouse, and Dominus Maye [who afterwards translated *Lucan*,] in regard that some of them are reported to be *married*, and the others look not after their dayes nor acts, shall receive no more benefit of the College, and shall be out of their places, unless they show just cause to the College for the contrary, in *three* months."

From the circumstance of this collegial record, we may infer that young Marvell left Cambridge about 1642, as we do not find that he ever attempted to vindicate himself against the charge. After this we presume he commenced his travels through the most polite parts of Europe. It appears he was at *Rome*, from his Poem entitled, "*Flecnoe an English Priest*," in which, though it be written in a slovenly metre, he describes, with great humour and satire, that wretched Poet, *Richard Flecnoe*, who, as Dryden expresses it,—

"In prose and verse was owned without dispute,
Through all the realms of nonsense, absolute."

This Poem suggested one of the best and severest satires in the English language,—we mean *Dryden's* "Mc Flecnoe," written against the "lambent dulness" of THOMAS SHADWELL, whose poetical character was injured by being placed in opposition to Dryden, as if he equalled that celebrated poet. After the Restoration the office of *Poet-Laureat* was taken from Dryden (who had become a Roman Catholic,) and given to Shadwell,

"Whose brows, thick fogs, instead of glories, grace,
And lambent dulness plays around his face."*

It is probable that, during this excursion into Italy, Marvell made his first acquaintance with the immortal JOHN MILTON, who was at that time abroad. They met in Rome, and associated together, where they publicly argued against the superstitions of the Romish Church, even within the verge of the Vatican. It is thought by many, that Milton's great poem, which has since been deservedly placed on a level with the noblest productions of antiquity, would have remained longer in obscurity, had it not been for Marvell, and Dr. SAMUEL BARROW, a physician, who wrote it into favour. Marvell's poem, first prefixed to the *second* edition of *Paradise Lost*, is as reputable to his judgment and poetic talents, as to his friendship.

* Dr. JOHNSON, in his life of Dryden, remarks, "that the revenue which he, (Dryden) had enjoyed with so much pride, was transferred to Shadwell, an old enemy, whom he had formerly stigmatized by the name of *Og*. Dryden could not decently complain that he was deposed; but seemed very angry that *Shadwell* succeeded him, and has therefore celebrated the intruder's inauguration in a Poem exquisitely satirical, called "Mc Flecnoe," of which the "*Dunciad*," as POPE himself declares, is an imitation, though more extended in its plan, and more diversified in its incidents."

W. NEWCASTLE, has the following excellent lines in reference to Dryden's Poem:—

"*Flecnoe*, thy characters are so full of wit
And fancy, as each word is throng'd with it.
Each line's a *volume*, and who reads would swear
Whole libraries were in each character.
Nor arrows in a quiver stuck, nor yet
Lights in the starry skies are thicker set,
Nor quills upon the armed porcupine,
Than wit and fancy in this work of thine."

Dr. JOHNSON endeavours to imagine what were the feelings and reflections of Milton during the composition of *Paradise Lost*. His conceptions and language on this subject we have often admired:—"Fancy," says he, "can hardly forbear to conjecture with what temper Milton surveyed the silent progress of his work, and marked its reputation stealing its way in a kind of subterraneous current through fear and silence. I cannot but conceive him calm and confident, little disappointed, not at all dejected, relying on his own merit with steady consciousness, and waiting without impatience the vicissitudes of opinion, and the impartiality of a future generation."

When Marvell arrived in *Paris*, on his return to England, he had an opportunity of exercising his wit on one *Lancelot Joseph de Maniban*, a whimsical Abbé, who pretended to enter into the qualities of those he had never seen, and to foretell their good or bad fortune by their *hand-writing*.* This ridiculous prognosticator

* D'ISRAELI, in his "*Curiosities of Literature, Second Series*," has two interesting chapters on Autographs and Hand-writing, from which we give the following extract:—

"The art of judging of the characters of persons by their writing can only have any reality when the pen, acting without constraint, may become an instrument guided by, and indicative of, the natural dispositions. But regulated, as the pen is now too often, by a mechanical process, which the present race of writing-masters seem to have contrived for their own convenience, a whole school exhibits a similar hand-writing. The pupils are forced, in their automatic motions, as if acted on by the pressure of a steam-engine. A bevy of beauties will now write such fac-similes of each other, that, in a heap of letters presented to the most sharp-sighted lover, to select that of his mistress—though like *Bassanio* among the caskets, his happiness should be risked on the choice—he would despair of fixing on the right one, all appearing to have come from the same rolling press. Even brothers of different tempers have been taught by the same master to give the same form to their letters, the same regularity to their line, and have made our hand-writings as monotonous as are our characters in the present habits of society. The true phisiognomy of writing will be lost among our rising generation; it is no longer a face that we are looking on, but a beautiful mask of a single pattern; and the fashionable hand-writing of our young ladies is like the former tight-lacing of their mothers' youthful days, when every one alike had what was supposed to be a fine shape!

"Assuredly, *nature* would prompt every individual to have a distinct sort of writing, as she has given a countenance, a voice, and a manner. The flexibility of the muscles differs with every individual, and the hand will follow the direction of the thoughts, and the emotions, and the habits of the writers. The phlegmatic will pourtray his words, while the playful haste of

received a severe lashing from Marvell in a Poem written in Latin, and addressed to him.

After this we have no information respecting Marvell till the year 1652, a space of eleven years. To fill up this interval, some of his Biographers have sent him to Constantinople, and made him Secretary to an embassy, though during the *Commonwealth* it does not appear there was any minister in Turkey. It is probable the mistake has arisen from the fact of Marvell afterwards attending LORD CARLISLE in that capacity to Petersburg.

When we consider the splendid talents possessed by Marvell, we have reason to lament that we know so little of him during this period, especially when we reflect on his active turn of mind, and the acuteness of his perception. His observations and reflections, on men and manners would have been inestimable.

It appears from the following letter, written at the commencement of the year 1652, by Milton to *Bradshawe*, on behalf of Marvell, that he was then an unsuc-

the volatile will scarcely sketch them; the slovenly will blot, and efface, and scrawl; while the neat and orderly minded will view themselves in the paper before their eyes. The merchant's clerk will not write like the lawyer or the poet. Even *nations* are distinguished by their writing: the vivacity and variableness of the Frenchman, and the delicacy and suppleness of the Italian, are perceptibly distinct from the slowness and strength of the pen discoverable in the phlegmatic German, Dane, and Swede. When we are in grief, we do not write as we should in joy. The elegant and correct mind which has acquired the fortunate habit of a fixity of attention, will write with scarcely an erasure on the page, as FENELON, and GRAY, and GIBBON; while we find in POPE's manuscripts the perpetual struggles of correction, and the eager and rapid interlineations struck off in heat. LAVATER's notion of hand-writing is by no means chimerical; nor was GENERAL PAOLI fanciful, when he told Mr. Northcote that he had decided on the character and disposition of a man from his letters and hand-writing.

"Long before the days of *Lavater*—SHENSTONE, in one of his letters, said 'I want to see Mrs. Jago's hand-writing, that I may judge of her temper.' One great truth must, however, be conceded to the opponents of the *physiognomy of writing*; general rules only can be laid down. Yet the vital principal must be true, that the hand-writing bears an analogy to the character of the writer, as all voluntary actions are characteristic of the individual. But many causes operate to counteract or obstruct this result.

"OLDYS, in one of his curious notes, was struck by the distinctness of character in the hand-writing of several of our kings."

cessful candidate for the office of Latin Secretary. But to this application of Milton he no doubt owed his *subsequent* introduction into that office. The letter is endorsed for "the Honourable the *Lord* Bradshawe:"—

"MY LORD,

But that it would be an interruption to the public, wherein your studies are perpetually employed, I should now or then venture to supply this my enforced absence with a line or two, though it were onely my business, and that would be noe slight one, to make my due acknowledgments of your many favoures; which I both doe at this time, and ever shall; and have this farder, which I thought my parte to let you know of, that there will be with you to-morrow, upon some occasion of business, a gentleman whose name is *Mr. Marvile*; a man whom, both by report, and the converse I have had with him, of singular desert for the state to make use of; who alsoe offers himselfe, if there be any imployment for him. His father was the Minister of Hull; and he hath spent four years abroad, in Holland, France, Italy, and Spaine, to very good purpose, as I believe, and the gaineing of those four languages; besides, he is a scholler, and well read in the Latin and Greek authors; and no doubt of an approved conversation, for he comes now lately out of the house of the LORD FAIRFAX, who was Generall, where he was intrusted to give some instructions in the Languages to the Lady his daughter. If upon the death of *Mr. WECKHERLYN*, the Councell shall think that I shall need any assistance in the performance of my place (though for my part I find no encumbrances of that which belongs to me, except it be in point of attendance at Conferences with Ambassadors, which I must confess, in my condition, I am not fit for), it would be hard for them to find a man soe fit every way for that purpose as this Gentleman; one who I believe, in a short time, would be able to doe them as much service as *Mr. Ascan*. This, my Lord, I write sincerely, without any other end than to perform my duety to the public, in helping them to an humble servant; laying aside those jealousies, and that emulation, which mine own condition might suggest to me, by bringing in such a coadjutor; and remaine,

My Lord,

Your most obliged, and faithful Servant,

Feb. 21, 1652.

JOHN MILTON."

In 1653, Marvell was appointed by Cromwell to be tutor to his nephew, a Mr. DUTTON, as appears from the following Letter:—

“MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCE,

It might, perhaps, seem fit for me to seek out words to give your Excellence thanks for myself. But, indeed, the only civility which it is proper for me to practice with so eminent a person, is to obey you, and to perform honestly the work that you have set me about. Therefore I shall use the time that your Lordship is pleased to allow me for writing, onely for that purpose for which you have given me it; that is, to render you an account of *Mr. Dutton*. I have taken care to examine him several times in the presence of Mr. OXENBRIDGE;* as those who weigh and tell over money before some witness ere they take charge of it; for I thought that there might be possibly some lightness in the coyn, or errour in the telling, which hereafter I should be bound to make good. Therefore, Mr. Oxenbridge is the best to make your Excellency an impartial relation thereof: I shall only say, that I shall strive according to my best understanding (that is, according to those rules your Lordship hath given me) to increase whatsoever talent he may have already. Truly, he is of gentle and *waxen* disposition; and, God be praised, I cannot say he hath brought with him any evil impression; and I shall hope to set nothing into his spirit but what may be of a good sculpture. He hath in him two things that make youth most easy to be managed,—*modesty*, which is the bridle to vice; and *emulation*, which is the spur to virtue. And the care which your Excellence is pleased to take of him, is no small encouragement, and shall be so represented to him; but, above all, I shall labour to make him sensible of his duty to GOD; for then we begin to serve faithfully, when we consider he is our master. And in this, both he and I owe

* JOHN OXENBRIDGE, M.A. was born at Daventry, in Northamptonshire, Jan. 30, 1608. He took his degree in 1631, and the following year began publicly to preach the gospel. After two voyages to the Bermudas he returned to England, and settled as pastor to a Church at *Beverley*, in Yorkshire, in 1664. After his ejection from Eton College, *Dr. Calamy* says, “he went to Berwick-upon-Tweed, where he resided till silenced by the Bartholomew Act. He then went to Surinam, in South America, and from thence, in 1667, to Barbadoes. In 1669, he went to New England, where he succeeded *Mr. Davenport*, as pastor in the first Church at Boston, and there he died suddenly, December 23, 1674, being seized with apoplexy towards the close of a Sermon, which he was preaching at the Boston Lecture.”

infinitely to your Lordship, for having placed us in so godly a family as that of Mr. Oxenbridge, whose doctrine and example are like a book and a map, not only instructing the ear, but demonstrating to the eye, which way we ought to travell; and Mrs. Oxenbridge has looked so well to him, that he hath already much mended his complexion; and now she is ordering his chamber, that he may delight to be in it as often as his studys require. For the rest, most of this time hath been spent in acquainting ourselves with him; and truly he is chearfull, and I hope thinks *us to be good company*. I shall, upon occasion, henceforward inform your Excellence of any particularities in our little affairs, for so I esteem it to be my duty. I have no more at present, but to give thanks to God for your Lordship, and to beg grace of him, that I may approve myself,

Your Excellency's

Most humble and faithful Servant,

Windsor, July 28th, 1653.

ANDREW MARVELL."

"Mr. Dutton presents his most humble service to your Excellence."

It appears, that when Milton's "*Second Defence*" was published, it was presented to the Protector by Marvell, whose Letter to Milton we here insert:—

"HONOURED SIR,

I did not satisfy myself in the account I gave you of presenting your book to my Lord; although it seemed to me that I wrote to you all which the messenger's speedy return the same night would permit me: and I perceive that, by reason of that haste, I did not give you satisfaction, neither concerning the delivery of your letter at the same time. Be pleased, therefore, to pardon me, and know that I tendered them both together. But my Lord read not the letter while I was with him; which I attributed to our dispatch, and some other business tending thereto, which I therefore wished ill to, so far as it hindered an affair much better, and of greater importance—I mean that of reading your letter. And to tell you truly mine own imagination, I thought that he would not open it while I was there, because he might suspect that I, delivering it just upon my departure, might have brought in it some second pro-

position, like to that which you had before made to him, by your letter, to my advantage. However, I assure myself that he has since read it with much satisfaction.

Mr. Oxenbridge, on his return from London, will, I know, give you thanks for his book, as I do with all acknowledgment and humility, for that you have sent me. I shall now study it, even to getting it by heart. When I consider how equally it turns and rises, with so many figures, it seems to me a *Trajan's* column, in whose winding ascent we see embossed the several monuments of your learned victories; and *Salmasius* and *Morus* make up as great a triumph as that of *Decebalus*; whom, too, for ought I know, you shall have forced, as Trajan the other, to make themselves a way, out of a just desperation.

I have an affectionate curiosity to know what becomes of COLONEL OVERTON's business, and am exceeding glad to think that Mr. Skinner has got near you: the happiness which I at the same time congratulate to him, and envy, there being none who doth, if I may so say, more jealously honour you than,

Honoured Sir,

Your most affectionate humble Servant,

Eton, June 2, 1654.

ANDREW MARVELL."

"For my most honoured friend, John Milton, Esq.

Secretary for Foreign Affairs,

At his house in Petty France, Westminster."

Whether any further notice was taken by Cromwell of Milton's present, we are not informed; but we may be assured that he was not on the list of the Protector's special friends, and that the Secretary would easily be reconciled to the consequences of exclusion from his employer's favour, by the consciousness of commanding his respect. COLONEL OVERTON, of whom Marvell speaks with so much interest, was one of those steady republicans, whom Cromwell, unable to conciliate, was under the necessity of securing.

In 1657, Marvell was appointed Assistant Latin Secretary to the Protector, with Milton.* From the death of Cromwell we have no further account of him, till the Parliament of 1660. Notwithstanding his punctuality in writing every post, concerning the business of Parliament, no letters to the Corporation of Hull remain of an earlier date than November 17th, that year. Perhaps his previous letters might have been given up to him, or destroyed at his request, upon the Restoration, when affairs put on a very different appearance.

In 1660, Marvell came forward in his patriotic and parliamentary character. There is not one action of his parliamentary life that deserves censure: the part he took was honourable to himself, and useful to his country: and though virtue is often successfully invaded by flattery, he maintained his sincerity unseduced, when truth and chastity were crimes in the lewd circle of Charles' court.

“——— Tempt not, *he* said, and stood;
But Satan, smitten with amazement, fell.”

In his parliamentary conduct, Marvell appears to have been cautious, circumspect, and steady; slow to resolve, but firm in resolution; he never took any momentous

* MR. HORACE SMITH, in his interesting Novel of “*Brambletye House*,” alludes to Milton and Marvell's association as Latin Secretaries:—“At the upper end, before a desk, on which were several folio volumes, two gentlemen were seated, one of whom was writing from the dictation of his companion. The latter, who was rather below the middle size, wearing his light brown air parted at the foretop, and hanging down on either side of his singularly comely and majestic countenance, took not the smallest notice of them as they passed, but continued dictating. His amanuensis, a strong set figure, with a round face, cherry cheeks, hazel eyes, and brown hair, bowed to them with a cheerful smile, as they walked through into an inner apartment, but did not speak. These were the immortal *John Milton*, Latin Secretary to the Protector, and the scarcely less illustrious *Andrew Marvell*, recently appointed his Assistant; men worthy to sit enthroned in that costly library, and to be surrounded by the great and kindred intellect of the world; men who have become the certain heirs of never dying fame, while with one or two exceptions, the crowd of nobles and grandees that thronged the adjoining saloon, passed rapidly away into irredeemable oblivion.”

step without the information and advice of his constituents. His indefatigable diligence in the house is amazing; and, though the long sittings wearied him, yet he assures his constituents, that he finds refreshment in giving reports of the debates to them.

The first Parliament before the Restoration, met upon the 25th of April, 1660, in which Marvell gave an early attendance, though the first letter that appears to his constituents is in November following, wherein he laments the absence of his "*partner*," Mr. JOHN RAMSDEN, and tells them he "writes but with half a pen, which makes his account of public affairs so imperfect; and yet he had rather expose his own defects to their good interpretation, than excuse thereby a total neglect of his duty." In the same letter, he takes an opportunity to pay a pleasing compliment to the *Ladies* of Hull, upon their conjugal virtue.

He showed a strong dislike to forces, in time of peace, being a heavy charge to the nation, and having in recollection the fatal effects of a standing army in the former reign. He therefore wished it exchanged for a militia:—"I doubt not," he says, "ere we rise, to see *the whole army disbanded*; and, according to the act, hope to see your town once more ungarrisoned, in which I should be glad and happy to be instrumental to the uttermost; for I cannot but remember, though then a child, those blessed days, when the youth of our town were trained for your militia, and did, methought, become their arms much better than any soldiers that I have seen since." He saw with a clear and discerning eye, the mischief of the *Excise*; for when the proposition was started for a longer continuance of that Bill, he prophetically added, "I wish it prove not too long."

It is impossible to avoid smiling at the difference of those days and these, as to the interchange of kindnesses between members and their constituents. What would one of our Members of Parliament now say to the present of a *cask of Ale*? And yet we find Marvell alone, and conjunctively with his colleague, frequently thanking the corporation of Hull for such a present. "We must give you thanks," he says, in one of his letters, "for the kind present you were pleased to send us, which will give occasion to us to remember you often; but the quantity is so great, that it might make sober men forgetful."

In December, 1660, the King having dissolved Parliament, the town of Hull returned Marvell again, with COLONEL GILBY, for their representatives in Parliament. In this election there seems to have been some contested business, and harsh words, which ever afterwards made a difference between Marvell and his colleague.

In April, 1661, he acknowledges to the mayor of Hull the honour the Corporation had done him: "I perceive you have again (as if it were a thing of course) made choice of me, now the *third* time, to serve you in Parliament; which as I cannot attribute to any thing but your constancy, so God willing, as in gratitude obliged, with no less constancy and vigour, I shall continue to execute your commands, and study your service." From the commission which Colonel Gilby held, it is not probable that he could join Marvell, whose conduct was so upright and steady, in opposition to the arbitrary measures of the Court. This we may infer from the following extract, "According as I write to you, you must be *very reserved*,"*

* The post about this time was often interrupted by servants of the crown, which made Marvell more cautious in his public correspondence.

and rest much upon your prudence. I would not have you suspect any misintelligence betwixt my partner and me, because we write not to you jointly, as Mr. Ramsden and I used to do, yet there is all civility betwixt us; but it was the Colonel's sense that we should be left each to his own discretion in writing."

Nothing shows the benevolence and honesty of Marvell's disposition, and his dislike to clamour and faction, more than the construction he puts upon the difference between him and his colleague. Instead of spiriting his friends to a resentment, he thus writes:—"Though perhaps we may differ in our advice concerning the way of proceeding, yet we have the same good ends in general; and by this unlucky falling out, we shall be provoked to a greater emulation of serving you. I must beg you to pardon me for writing singly to you, for if I wanted my right hand, yet I would scribble to you with my left, rather than neglect your business. In the mean time I beseech you to pardon my weakness; for there are some things which men ought not, others that they cannot, *patiently* suffer." This circumstance, with others, seems deeply to have afflicted him, for he says in another letter, "I am something bound up, that I cannot write about your affairs as I used to do; *but I assure you they break my sleep.*"

In writing to his constituents about this time, he says, "To-day our House was upon the Bill of Attainder of those that have been executed, those that are fled, and of *Cromwell, Bradshawe, Ireton, and Pride*; and 'tis ordered that the *carkasses* and coffins of the four last named, shall be drawn with what expedition possible, upon an hurdle, to Tyburn, and there hanged up for a while, and then buried under the gallows." And in another letter

he writes, "To-morrow the King's counsell is to be heard at our bar, to lay out evidence against the King's *dead* and living judges, and the other persons whom the act of Indemnity has left to pains and penaltyes. The act for *universal Conformity* will, in a day or two, be brought in."

From June, 1661, we have a long vacancy in Marvell's correspondence. It appears that he was at this time in Holland; and did not show any intention of returning, till LORD BELLASIS* requested the town of Hull to proceed to the election of a new Member, in case of their burgess not appearing in his seat in the House of Commons. The Corporation thanked his lordship, and informed him, that they had had two letters from Marvell, who was not far off, and would be ready at their call. They therefore wrote to him, stating if he did not return, they would be compelled to embrace the expedient proposed by his lordship. This summons brought Marvell to England, as we find by his letter dated

"Frankfort, March 12, 1663.

"GENTLEMEN,

Had mine own thoughts not been strong enough to persuade me to slight concernments of mine, in respect to the public, and your service, your prudent and courteous letter of the 3rd of February would have brought me over, though I had been at a greater distance. This is only to assure you that I am making all the speed possible back, and that with God's assistance, in a very short time you may expect to hear of me at the Parliament House; in the mean time,

I remain,

Gentlemen,

Your most affectionate friend to serve you,

ANDREW MARVELL."

* Lord Bellasis was then High Steward of Hull, and Deputy Governor under the Duke of Monmouth.

It appears that Marvell soon after arrived in England to attend his duty in Parliament. In his letter he alludes to the request of Lord Bellasis to the town of Hull, that they should proceed to elect another Burgess, on account of his absence.

“ Westminster, April 2, 1663.

“GENTLEMEN,

Being newly arrived in town, and full of businesse, yet I could not neglect to give you notice that this day I have been in the House, and found my place empty; though it seems that some persons would have been so courteous, as to have filled it for me. You may be assured that as my obligation and affection to your service hath been strong enough to draw me over, without any consideration of mine own private concernments, so I shall now maintain my station with the same vigour and alacrity in your business which I have always testify'd formerly, and which is no more than is due to that kindnesse which I have constantly experienced from you. So at present, though in much haste, saluting you all with my most hearty respects,

I remain,

Gentlemen,

Your most affectionate friend to serve you,

ANDREW MARVELL.”

Marvell does not seem settled this session, and reasons with his friends, that the vigilance and sufficiency of his partner might have excused his absence. Three months were scarcely elapsed before we find him stating his intention to his constituents, of going beyond sea with LORD CARLISLE, who was appointed Ambassador Extraordinary to Russia, Sweden, and Denmark. By accepting this appointment, Marvell did not then appear to be much at variance with government, though by the manner of his expressing himself, he seems, in a great measure, to have been influenced by a friendship for Lord Carlisle.

“London, June 16, 1663.

“GENTLEMEN,

The relation I have to your affairs, and the intimacy of that affection I owe you, do both incline and oblige me to communicate to you, that there is a probability I may very shortly have occasion to go beyond sea; for my LORD CARLISLE being chosen by his Majesty, Ambassador Extraordinary to Muscovy, Sweden, and Denmark, hath used his power, which ought to be very great with me, to make me goe along with him, as Secretary in these embassages. It is no new thing for members of our House to be dispensed with, for the service of the King and the nation, in foreign parts. And you may be sure I will not stirre without speciall leave of the House, so that you may be freed from any possibility of being importuned, or tempted, to make any other choice in my absence. However, I cannot but advise with you, desiring also to take your assent along with me, so much esteeme I have both of your prudence and friendship. The time allotted for the embassy is not much above a year; probably may not be much lesse, than betwixt our adjournment, and next meeting; however, you have Col. Gilby, to whom my presence can make little addition, so that I cannot decline this voyage. I shall have the comfort to believe, that, all things considered, you cannot thereby receive any disservice. I shall hope herein to receive your speedy answer.

I remain, Gentlemen, &c.

Your most affectionate friend to serve you,

ANDREW MARVELL.”

Before leaving England he again writes:—

“London, July 20, 1663.

“GENTLEMEN,

Being this day taking barge for Gravesend, there to embark for Archangel, thence to Sweden, and last of all to Denmark; all which I hope, by God's blessing, to finish within twelve months' time: I do hereby, with my last and most serious thoughts, salute you, rendering you all hearty thanks for your great kindness and friendship to me upon all occasions, and ardently beseeching God to keep you all in his gracious protection, to your own honour, and the welfare and flourishing of your Corporation, to which I am, and shall ever continue, a

most affectionate and devoted servant. I undertake this voyage with the order and good liking of his Majesty, and by leave given me from the House, and entered in the journall; and having received, moreover, your approbation, I go, therefore, with more ease and satisfaction of mind, and augurate to myself the happier success in all my proceedings. Your known prudence makes it unnecessary for me to leave my advice or counsell with you at parting; yet can I not forbear, out of the superabundance of my care and affection for you, to recommend to you a good correspondence with the garrison, so long as his Majesty shall think fit to continue it; unto which, and all your other concerns, as COL. GILBY hath been, and will be, always mainly instrumentall, and do you all the right imaginable; so could I wish, as I do not doubt that you would, upon any past or future occasion, confide much in his discretion, which he will never deny you the use of. This I say to you with a very good intent, and I know will be no otherwise understood by you. And so renewing and redoubling my most cordiall thanks, my most earnest prayers, and my most true love and service to and for you all, I remain, as long as I live,

Gentlemen,

Your most affectionate friend to serve you,

ANDREW MARVELL."

This embassy continued nearly two years, after which we find Marvell attending the Parliament, at *Oxford*, in 1665. He then began to correspond with his constituents *almost every post*, which is said to be the last instance of that valuable relation between representatives and electors. His letters are highly curious for their historical and parliamentary information, and, we presume, a few extracts from some of them may not be uninteresting. On the 22d of October, in the above year, he thus writes:—"There is a bill in good forwardnesse to prohibit the importation of *Irish cattle*;* the fall of lands and rents being ascribed to the bringing them over into England in such plenty." And again, a few days after,

* Query. What kind of cattle?

he writes:—"Our bill against the importation of Irish cattle was not passed by his Majesty, as being too destructive to the Irish interest." But it appears the bill did afterwards pass, for he writes:—"Our House has returned the bill about Irish cattle to the Lords, adhering to the word *NUISANCE*, which the Lords changed to *detriment* and *mischiefe*: but at a conference, we delivered the reasons of our *adhering* to the word *nuisance*, which was agreed to."

November 2:—"The bill for preventing the increase of the *Plague* could not pass, because the LORDS would not agree with us, that *their houses*, if infected, should be shut up."

In November, 1666:—"Since my last we have, in a manner, being wholly taken up with instructions for the *Poll Bill*. The chief of which the House voted were, besides that of twelve pence on every head, and *double* on aliens, and *nonconformists*, twenty shillings in the £100. for personal estates, three shillings in the pound for all offices and public employments, except military; lawyers and physicians, proportionable to their practice. There is one bill ordered to be brought in of a new nature;—that all persons shall be *buried in woollen* for the next six or seven years. The reason propounded is, because a matter of £100,000. a year of our own manufacture will be employed, and so much money kept at home from buying foreign linen, till our trade of *flax*, &c. be grown up."

Jan. 12, 1667:—"We have not advanced much this week; the alterations of the Lords upon the Poll Bill have kept us busy. We have disagreed in most: Aliens, we adhere to pay double; Nonconformists, we agree with the Lords, shall not pay double: carried by 126 to 91."

“To-day his Majesty writ to us, to *quicken* us, and that we should conclude his business without any recesses. Thereupon our House called all the defaulters, and the Sergeant at Arms to send for them, and they not to sit till they have paid their fees.”

A few days afterwards he thus writes:—“To-day the Duke of Buckingham and the Marquesse of Dorchester were, upon their petitions, freed from the Tower, having been committed for *quarrelling*, and *scuffling* the other day, when we were at the Canary conference.”

January 26:—“At eleven o’clock we went up to the Lords, to manage the impeachment against LORD MORDANT. Our managers observed that he *sat* in the House, and that he had counsell, whereas he ought to stand at the barr as a criminal, and to have no counsell to plead or manage his cause.”

Marvell’s attention to the business of Parliament, and in writing to his constituents, appears to have been excessive, for we find from a letter, dated November 14, 1667, in which he says:—“Really the business of the House hath been of late so earnest, daily, and so long, that I have not had the time, and scarce the vigour, left me by night to write to you; and to-day, because I would not omit any longer, *I lose my dinner* to make sure of this letter. The EARL OF CLARENDON hath taken up much of our time, till within these three days: but since his impeachment hath been carried up to the House of Lords, we have some leisure from that business.”

December 3rd:—“Since my last to you we have had a free conference with the Lords, for not committing the Earl of Clarendon upon our *general* charge. The Lords yesterday sent a message by Judge Archer, and Judge Morton, that they were not satisfied to commit him,

without *particular* cause specified; whereupon our House voted that the Lords, not complying with the desire of the House of Commons, upon the impeachment carried up against him, is an *obstruction to public justice* in the proceedings of both Houses of Parliament, and is the president of evill and dangerous consequences. To-day the Lords sent down by Judge Twisden, and Judge Brown, another message to us, that they had received a large petition from the Earl of Clarendon, intimating that he was withdrawn. Hereupon our House forthwith ordered addresses to his Majesty, that care might be taken for securing all the *Sea ports* less he should pass there. I suppose he will not trouble you at *Hull*."

March 17, 1668:—"To-day the House, before a Committee of the whole House, sat and voted that towards the King's supply of £300,000. they will raise at least £100,000. upon wines and *strong waters*."

Respecting the King sitting *in person* in the House of Lords during the debates, Marvell thus writes, March 26, 1670, "His Majesty hath for this *whole week come every day* in person to the House of Lords, and sate there during their debates and resolutions. And yesterday the Lords went in a body to Witehall, to give him thanks for the honour he did them." To WILLIAM RAMSDEN, Esq. a few days after, he states the particulars of the King's visit more fully. "The King about ten o'clock took boat with LAUDERDALE only, and two ordinary attendants, and rowed awhile as towards the bridge, but soon turned back to the Parliament stairs, and so went up into the House of Lords, and took his seat. All of them were amazed, but the Duke of York especially. After the King was seated, his Majesty told them it was a privilege he claimed from his ancestors, to be present at their de-

liberations. After three or four days' continuance, the Lords were well used to the King's presence, and sent the Lord Steward, and Lord Chamberlain, to enquire when they might render him their humble thanks for the honour he did them. The hour was appointed, and they thanked his Majesty, who took it well. The King has ever since continued his session among them, and says, '*it is better than going to a play.*'" And in the same letter Marvell adds,—“There is some talk of a French Queen to be *invented* for our King. Some say a sister of the King of Denmark; others, a good virtuous Protestant, here at home. The King disavows it, yet he has sayed in public, he knew not why a woman may not be divorced for barrenness, as a man for impotency.”

April 9:—“SIR JOHN PRITIMAN, who serves for Leicester, was yesterday suspended from sitting in the House, and from all privilege, till he find out one *Hume*, (a most notorious fellow) whom he suggested to be his menial servant; whereas he was a prisoner for debt, and thus, by Sir John's procurement, has escaped his creditors. The Sergeant was sent into the Speaker's chamber with the mace, to bring Sir John, to receive the sentence upon *his knees*, at the barre. Hereupon the House was disappointed; for in the mean while he was escaped by the *back doore*; it was then ordered that that doore be *nail-ed* up for the future.”

Also of a similar escape he thus writes:—“SIR JAMES NORFOLK, Sergeant of the House of Commons, was by them voted to be sent to the Tower; and that his Majesty be desired to cause a new Sergeant to attend, he having betrayed his trust, &c. but Sir James forthwith escaped from the House while they were *penning* the order.”

December 8th:—"The bill for *Conventicles* hath been twice read, and committed; it makes them henceforth RIOTS; and orders that those who cannot pay *five shillings*, or who refuse to tell their names, or abode, shall *work it out* in the House of Correction."

December 20:—"The House, before rising to-day, ordered that the Sheriffs of countyes give notice that all members not present in the House on Monday come a fortnight, should be rated *double* in the bill of *Subsidy*, so that it will concern them in the country to be up by that time, and if sooner, the better. One moved, that a *frigate* should be built out of the money, and she might be named the '*sinner's frigate*.'"

April 13, 1671:—"The Lords and we have agreed on an addresse to his Majesty, that *he wear no forain manufactures*, and discountenance, whether man or woman, who shall wear them."

By some accident we are unfortunately deprived of Marvell's correspondence with his constituents for above *three years*. The DUKE OF MONMOUTH was at that time Governor of Hull, and the Corporation appears to have desired Marvell to wait upon him, with a congratulatory letter, and a present of gold, both as a testimony of their duty and respect, and also as an honorary fee of his office. After executing this commission, he thus writes:—

"Westminster, October 20, 1674.

"GENTLEMEN,

The Duke of Monmouth returned on Saturday from Newmarket. To-day I waited on him, and first presented him with your letter, which he read over very attentively, and then prayed me to assure you that he would, upon all occasions, be most ready to give you the marks of his affection, and assist you in any affairs that you should recommend to him; with other words of civility to the same purpose. I then delivered

him the *six broad pieces*, telling him I was deputed to *blush on your behalfe for the meanness of the present, &c.*; but he took me off, and said he thanked you for it, and accepted it as a token of your kindness. He had, before I came in, as I was told, considered what to do with the gold; but that I by all means prevented the offer, or I had been in danger of being reimbursed with it. I received the bill which was sent me on *Mr. Nelehorpe*; but the surplus of it exceeding much the expense I have been at on this occasion, I desire you to make use of it, and of me, upon any other opportunity, remaining,

Gentlemen, &c.

Your most affectionate and humble Servant,

ANDREW MARVELL."

April 17, 1675:—"The Commons have these two days been in a Committee concerning *Religion*. The occasion of which rose from the motion of a Member of the House concerning the growth of Popery, for giving ease to Protestant Dissenters, and other *good* things of the same tendency."

April 22:—"A bill was read the first time, that any Member of Parliament, *who shall hereafter accept any office, after his election*, there shall be a new writ issued to elect in his place; but if his Borough shall then, the *second* time, elect him, it shall be lawful: upon the question, whether it should have a second reading, 88 carried it against 74."

April 24:—"The House of Commons having received a report from the Committee for drawing up the addresse concerning the Duke Lauderdale; Dr. BURNETT being examined, whether he knew any thing of bringing over an army into his Majesty's dominions, told them, that discoursing of the danger of rigorous proceedings against the *Presbyterians* in Scotland, while his Majesty was engaged in a war with Holland, the Duke said to him, he wished they would rebell; and in pursuit of that dis-

course, said, he would then hire the Irish Papists to come over, and cut their throats; but the Doctor replying, that sure he spoke in jest, the Duke answered, no; he said he was in earnest, and therefore repeated the same words again. Further, that being asked, whether he knew any thing of bringing the Scotch army into England; the Doctor answered the Committee, that he had acquainted them with that of Ireland, because no secret, for the Duke also said the same to several others, and particularly to the *Dutchesse of Hamilton*; but if the Duke had said any thing to him in confidence, he assured them he should not reveal it, but upon the utmost extremity."

May 15:—"The unhappy misunderstanding betwixt the two Houses increaseth. An ill accident hath come in: for a servant of the Commons' House, having the Speaker's warrant to seize Dr. SHIRLEY, and finding him in the Lords' lobby, showed the warrant to the *Lord Mohun*, who carried it into the other House, where *they kept* it: the Commons sent to demand justice against the Lord, and the Lords answered, he had done his duty: upon hearing this, our House voted this message of the Lords unparliamentary. I dare write no more, lest the post leave me behind."

May 27:—"The House of Commons was taken up for the most part yesterday in calling over their House, and have ordered a letter to be drawn up from the Speaker, to every place for which there is a defaulter, to signify the absence of their member, and a *solemn letter* is accordingly preparing to be signed by the Speaker; this is thought a sufficient punishment for any *modest* man, nevertheless, if they shall not come up hereupon, there is a further severity reserved."

Oct. 21:—"I crave leave to advertise you, that Mr. CRESSETT this afternoon discoursing with me, said he had received a letter from the Mayor and seven or eight of the Aldermen, giving him notice that you had received a letter from me of three sides, partly concerning Parliament business, which makes me presume to advertise you, and though I object nothing to Mr. Cressett's fidelity and discretion, neither do I write any thing deliberately that I fear to have divulged, yet seeing it possible in writing to assured friends, a man may give his pen some liberty, for the times are somewhat critically; beside that, I am naturally, and now more so by my age, inclined to keep my thoughts private, I desire that what I write down to you, may not easily, or unnecessarily, return to a third hand at London; if in saying this I have used more freedom than the occasion requires, I beg your pardon."

After he had received an answer to the above letter, he again writes, Nov. 4th:—"And now, as to your's of the 26th, occasioned by my complaint of intelligence given hither of my letter, I must profess that whosoever did it hath very much obliged me, though I believe beyond his intention, seeing it hath thence happened that I have received so courteous and civil a letter from you, that it warms my very heart, and I shall keep it, as a mark of your honour, always by me, amongst whatsoever things I account most precious and estimable; for it would be very hard for me to tell you at how high a rate I value all expressions of your kindness to me, or how sensibly I should regret the loss of it by any mistake that might chance on either side. I am very well satisfied by your letter, that it was none of you, but it seems there is *some sentinell set upon both you and me,*

and to know it therefore is a sufficient caution; the best of it is, that none of us, I believe, either do, say, or write, any thing but what we care not if it be made public, although we do not desire it."

About this time, in a letter to a friend, Marvell observes, that "the EARL OF CLARE made a very bold and rational harangue, *the King being present*, against his Majesty's sitting among the Lords, contrary to former precedents, during their debates, but he was not seconded."* In the same letter we find the following passage, from whence it appears to what a height corruption had arrived in the reign of Charles II. "The King having, upon pretence of the great preparations of his neighbours, demanded £300,000. for his navy, (though in conclusion he hath not sent out any) and that the Parliament should pay his *debts*, which the ministers would never particularize to the House of Commons, our house gave several bills. You see how far things were stretched beyond reason, there being no satisfaction how those debts were contracted, and all men foreseeing that what was given would not be applied to discharge the debts, which I hear are at this day risen to

* It is presumed that such a hearer, in the House of Lords, would not now have a vote of thanks tendered to him "for the honour he had done them." With respect to *courts of justice*, it is almost certain, that in early times our Kings, in person, often heard and determined *civil* causes. EDWARD I. frequently sat in the King's Bench: and in later times, JAMES I. is said to have sat there, but was informed by his Judges that he could not deliver an opinion. Dr. HENRY, in his excellent "History of Great Britain," informs us, that he found no instance of any of our Kings sitting in a court of justice, before EDWARD IV. who, in the second year of his reign, sat three days together in the Court of King's Bench; but, as he was then a very young man, it is probable he was there merely for instruction. In *criminal* cases, however, it would be a great absurdity if the King personally sat in judgment; because, in regard to these, he appears in another capacity, that of *prosecutor*. All offences are either against the "King's peace," or "his crown and dignity," though, in the eye of the law, his Majesty is always present in all his courts, he cannot personally distribute justice. It is the regal office, and not the royal person, that is always present in court; and from this *ubiquity* it follows, that the King can never be nonsuit. For the same reason also, in legal proceedings, the King is said, not to appear *by his attorney*, as other men.

four millions. Nevertheless, such was the number of the constant courtiers, increased by the apostate patriots, who were bought off for that turn, some at *six*, others at *ten*, one at *fifteen* thousand pounds, in money; besides what offices, lands, and reversions, to others, that it is a mercy they gave not away the whole land and liberty of England. The DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM is again £140,000. pounds in debt, and, by this prorogation, his creditors have time to tear all his lands in pieces. The House of Commons has run almost to the end of their time, and are grown extremely chargeable to the King, and odious to the people. They have signed and sealed £10,000. a year more to the DUTCHESS OF CLEVELAND, who has likewise near £10,000. out of the *excise* of beer and ale; £5,000. a year out of the *post-office*; and, they say, the reversion of all the King's leases; the reversion of all places in the custom-house: and, indeed, what not? All promotions, *spiritual* and temporal, pass under *her* cognizance."

In November, 1675, Marvell again commences his correspondence with the Mayor and Corporation of Hull: he says,—“I am here in good health and vigour, ready to take that station in the House which I obtain by your favour, and have so many years continued; and therefore desire that you will consider whether there be any thing that particularly relates to the state of your town. I shall strive to promote it to the best of my duty; and in the more general concerns of the nation, shall maintain the same uncorrupt mind, and clear conscience, free from faction, or any self ends, which, by the grace of God, I have hitherto preserved.” There are not many men at the present day who would obtain credit with their constituents, were they to speak thus of themselves; but

MARVELL had for many years given such convincing proofs of the purity of his mind, that his words were an oracle to all who knew him.

Upon the assembling of Parliament on February 15, 1677, he writes :—" I think it befits me to acquaint you, that this day the Parliament assembled, in obedience to his Majesty, he being pleased, in a most gracious manner, to proffer, on his part, all things that might tend to the libertyes of the subject, and the safety of the nation; mentioning also his *debts*: but most of all he recommended a good agreement between the two Houses, calling heaven and earth to witness, that nothing on his part should be wanting to make this a happy session."

February 17:—" Yesterday the House of Lords ordered the EARL OF SALISBURY and LORD WHARTON to the Tower, during his Majesty's and their House's pleasure. The DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM had retired before his sentence, but, appearing the day afterwards, was also sent to the Tower. The warrant bears for their high contempt of the House, for they refused to ask pardon as ordered. To-day I hear they are made close prisoners."

March 3:—" SIR HARBOTTLE GRIMSTON, Master of the Rolls, moved for a bill to be brought in, to indemnify all Countyes, Cityes, and *Burrows*, for the *Wages* due to their Members for the time past, which was introduced by him upon very good reason, both because of the poverty of many people not being able to supply so long an arreare, especially new taxes now coming upon them; and also, because SIR JOHN SHAW, the Recorder of Colchester, *had sued the town for his Wages*; several other Members also having, it seems, threatened their *Burrows* to do the same, unless they should *chuse them*

*upon another election to Parliament.** This day had been appointed for grievances: but, it being grown near two o'clock, and the day being, indeed, extraordinary cold, to which *the breaking of one of the House windows contributed*, it was put off till next Tuesday."

March 13, 1677:—"To-day was read the bill against transporting *Wool* out of England or Scotland, into forain parts, and ordered a second reading. Then the bill for indemnifying Countyes, Cityes, and Burrows from the Parliament Wages now due, until the first day of this session, was read the first time, and indured a long argument, insomuch, that when the question was put for a second reading, a gentleman, who had disapproved of the bill, deceiving himself by the noise of the *negative* vote, required the division of the House; but so considerable a number of the *affirmatives* went out for it, that all the rest in a manner followed after them, notwithstanding their own votes; and there were scarce either tellers, or men to be told left behind, so that it will have a second reading."

March 17:—"I must beg your pardon for paper, pens, writing, and every thing; for really I have, by ill chance, *neither eat nor drank, from yesterday at noon, till six o'clock to-night*, when the House rose: and by good chance I have now met with Mr. Skyner, so that betwixt both, you may easily guesse I have but little time, and write but at adventure."

April 12:—"We sit again to-morrow, being *Good*

* It is said, that Marvell was the last person in this country that received *Wages* from his constituents; *two shillings* a day being allowed for a burgess, and *four shillings* for a knight of the shire. This was thought so *considerable* a sum in ancient times, that there are many instances where *boroughs* petitioned to be *excused* from sending Members to Parliament, representing, that they were engaged in building bridges, or other public works, and therefore unable to bear such an *extraordinary* expense.—*Blackstone's Commentaries*, 1st vol.

Friday, at two o'clock, and hope may rise by Saturday night."

January 29, 1678:—"It was ordered, that the House will, to-morrow in the afternoone, *turn itself* into a Committee of the whole House, to consider of the interring of his late *martyred* Majesty."

January 31:—"The House met yesterday at two o'clock; after sermon, sate in Committee of the whole House, and ordered that a bill be brought in for £70,000. for the more decent interring of his late martyred Majesty, and raising a *monument* for him."

We have now followed Marvell through his regular correspondence with the Corporation of Hull for upwards of twenty years, and have selected a few passages for the purpose of elucidating his history, yet a very insufficient part to give an idea of the excellent matter contained in his letters, which possess considerable strength and clearness of style, though the expressions occasionally appear *quaint*. The orthography also, of that period was overcharged with letters, as the present is, perhaps, too much divested of them. They, however, throw considerable light on the character of Marvell, and are of importance in showing the sense which so able a man, and so illustrious a patriot, entertained of the duty he owed his constituents, and of the relation he bore to them in Parliament. He expresses himself upon the several matters on which he writes, with that spirit and freedom which distinguished his character, and which drew upon him the notice of persons in power. Not content with discharging the duty his station required, he appears to have been an active friend to the town of Hull, in all affairs that concerned its interest. By this attention Marvell gained the affections of his constitu-

ents. He had no private views to gratify: the welfare of Hull, and the love of his country, were all his study and pursuit.

We cannot find, however, by any writings, *that he ever spoke in Parliament*: the Journals of that time make no mention of such speeches; but by his own account, he always *took notes* of what passed; and by his indefatigable conduct otherwise, he obtained a great ascendancy over the minds of the Members. He preserved the respect of the Court, even when he was most determined in his hostility to its measures. The good sense of PRINCE RUPERT was conspicuous in making him his friend; for when Marvell's name became the hatred of the Court party, and it was dangerous for him to appear *abroad*, Prince Rupert would privately go to his lodgings; so that, whenever his Royal Highness voted on the side of Marvell, which he often did, it was the observation of the adverse faction, "*that he had been with his tutor.*"

The severe tracts which he was frequently publishing against the profligate Court, and the inflammatory literary fight which he had with PARKER and others, often made his life in danger; but no bribes, no offers of situation could make him swerve from the virtuous path in which he continued to walk invariably to the last. A man of such excellent parts, and facetious converse, as Marvell, could not be unknown to CHARLES II. who loved the company of *wits* so much, that he would suffer the severest jokes, even upon himself, rather than not enjoy them.

Marvell having once been honoured with an evening's entertainment, by his Majesty, the latter was so charmed with the ease of his manners, the soundness of

his judgment, and the keenness of his wit, that the following morning, to show him his regard, he sent the LORD TREASURER DANBY, to wait upon him with a particular message. His Lordship, with some difficulty, found Marvell's *elevated* retreat, on the second floor in a court near the Strand. Lord Danby, from the darkness of the stair-case, and its narrowness, abruptly burst open the door, and suddenly entered the room in which he found Marvell writing. Astonished at the sight of so noble and unexpected a visiter, Marvell asked his Lordship, with a smile, if he had not mistaken his way. "No," he replied, with a bow, "not since I have found Mr. Marvell;" continuing that he came with a message from the King, who wished to do him some signal service, on account of the high opinion his Majesty had of his merits. Marvell replied with his usual pleasantry, that his Majesty had it not in his power to serve him. But becoming more serious, he told the Lord Treasurer, that he knew the nature of Courts too well, not to be sensible, that whoever is distinguished by a Prince's favour is expected to vote in his interest. The Lord Danby told him his Majesty only desired to know whether there was any place at Court he would accept. He told the Lord Treasurer he could not accept anything with honour, for he must be either ungrateful to the King in voting against him, or false to his country in giving in to the measures of the Court; therefore the only favour he begged of his Majesty was, that he would esteem him as dutiful a subject as any he had, and more in his proper interest, in *refusing* his offers, than if he had accepted them. The Lord Danby finding that no arguments could prevail, told Marvell that the King requested his acceptance of £1,000; but this was rejected with

the same steadiness; though soon after the departure of his noble visiter, he was obliged to borrow a guinea from a friend.

This anecdote has been somewhat differently related in a Pamphlet printed in Ireland, about the year 1754, from whence we shall extract it: "The borough of Hull, in the reign of Charles II. chose ANDREW MARVELL, a young gentleman of little or no fortune, and maintained him in London for the service of the public. His understanding, integrity, and spirit, were dreadful to the then infamous administration. Persuaded that he would be their's for properly asking, they sent his old school-fellow, the LORD TREASURER DANBY, to renew acquaintance with him in his garret. At parting, the Lord Treasurer, out of *pure affection*, slipped into his hand an order upon the Treasury for £1,000, and then went to his chariot. Marvell looking at the paper calls after the Treasurer, "My Lord, I request another moment." They went up again to the garret, and Jack, the servant boy, was called. "Jack, child, what had I for dinner yesterday?" "Don't you remember, Sir? you had the little shoulder of mutton that you ordered me to bring from a woman in the market." "Very right child." "What have I for dinner to-day?" "Don't you know, Sir, that you bid me lay by the *blade-bone to broil*?" "'Tis so, very right child, go away." "My Lord, do you hear that? Andrew Marvell's dinner is provided; there's your piece of paper. I want it not. I knew the sort of kindness you intended. I live here to serve my Constituents; the Ministry may seek men for their purpose; *I am not one.*"

No Roman virtue ever surpassed this; nor can gold bribe a mind that is not debauched with luxury; and

with Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, we repeat, "No man, whose appetites are his masters, can perform the duties of his nature with strictness and regularity. He that would be superior to external influences, must first become superior to his own passions. When the Roman general, sitting at supper with a plate of turnips before him, was solicited, by large promises, to betray his trust; he asked the messengers whether he, that could sup on turnips, was a man likely to sell his country? Upon him who has reduced his senses to obedience, temptation has lost its power; he is able to attend impartially to virtue, and execute her commands without hesitation."

Of all men in his station, Marvell best deserves to be selected as an example of the genuine independence produced by a philosophical limitation of wants and desires; he was not to be purchased, because he wanted nothing that money could buy: and held cheap all titular honours in comparison with the approbation of his conscience, and the esteem of the wise and good.* Hence MASON, in his "Ode to Independence," says of him,

"In awful poverty his honest muse
Walks forth vindictive through a venal land;
In vain *corruption* sheds her golden dews,
In vain *oppression* lifts her iron hand;
He scorns them both, and arm'd with TRUTH alone,
Bids Lust and Folly tremble on the throne."

It may be here remarked, that if the "Qualification Acts" had taken place in the days of Marvell, he could not have been elected a member of Parliament. And this reflection may perhaps lead us to doubt, whether

* As to his economical habits, we find the following anecdote related in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1738:—"Marvell frequently dined at an *ordinary* in the Strand, where having one day eat heartily of boiled beef, he drank his pint of *Port*; and on paying the reckoning, he took a piece out of his pocket, and holding it between his finger and thumb,—'*Gentlemen,*' said he, '*who would let himself out for hire, while he can have such a dinner for half-a-crown.*'"

those acts have been so beneficial to the constitution, as it was at first supposed they would be; or rather, whether they have not been prejudicial. It is evident they are some restraint upon the electors. Men of known integrity and abilities are but few in every class of life, and the inhabitants of small towns and boroughs, are sometimes at a loss to meet with persons properly qualified, whom they would choose to send to the great council of the nation. And should they have ever so much confidence in the integrity and abilities of any particular man, whom they would wish to elect as their representative in Parliament, they cannot return him, if he be not possessed of *the requisite qualification*. And as none but men of fortune can be chosen, these are too apt to consider themselves much superior to the generality of their constituents, and act more independently of them. Nor can the mere possession of an independent fortune be considered as a sufficient security against corruption. It is true, that when we reason only speculatively, it appears rational to suppose that men of large fortunes would not be so liable to corruption, as those whose less affluent circumstances seem to expose them more easily to temptation. But experience often proves that this kind of reasoning is fallacious: those who possess *much* are desirous of obtaining *more*; they are solicitous to rise higher, and with this view, court the favour of those above them, and are often too much enervated by luxury to be influenced by principles of patriotism. Whilst on the other hand, men of inferior fortunes, but of more moderate views and expectations, and of more regular and temperate habits, though they enjoy less property, often possess more independence of mind, and are more influenced by a virtuous affection for their country.

In 1672, Marvell engaged in a controversy with the notorious Dr. SAMUEL PARKER,* who being a most zealous high churchman, exerted himself very much in persecuting the Nonconformists. BISHOP BURNETT observes, that Parker "was a covetous and ambitious man, and seemed to have no sense of religion, but as a political interest. He seldom went to prayers, or to any exercise of devotion, and was so proud, that he was insufferable to all who came near him." Parker, in 1670, published a book entitled, "Ecclesiastical Polity," in which he states that "it is better to submit to the unreasonable impositions of *Nero*, and *Caligula*, than to hazard the dissolution of the state." Also, "that it is absolutely necessary to the peace and government of the world, that the supreme magistrate of every commonwealth should be vested with a power to govern, and conduct the *conscienc*es of subjects in affairs of *religion*." And he asserted that "Princes may, with less hazard, give liberty to men's *vices*, than to their *conscienc*es." And speaking of the different Sects then subsisting, he lays it down as a fixed rule for all Princes to act by, that "tenderness and indulgence to such men, were to nourish *vipers* in our bowels, and the most sottish neglect of our own quiet and security."

To meet this attack was imperiously necessary. Dr. OWEN applied to BAXTER to undertake the defence of Nonconformity; but he declined the task. The Doctor therefore replied to Parker, and acquitted himself with great credit in his "Truth and Innocence Vindicated." Parker was an ambitious Priest, and looked for advancement. He cared not at what expense he wrote himself into a Bishoprick. The substance of his Polity was

* See a brief account of him at the end of this Memoir.

preached at Lambeth, and printed by order of **SHELDON**, a man in every respect of similar sentiments and spirit.

Next year Parker published "A Defence and Continuation of the Ecclesiastical Polity against Dr. Owen;" and in the following year a still further attack on him, in a preface which he wrote to a posthumous work of **BISHOP BRAMHALL**. These works abounded in the lowest abuse of Owen. He calls him the "Great Bell-weather of disturbance and sedition." "The viper," he says, "is so swelled with venom, that it must either burst, or spit its poison."* Although Owen appeared no more in this controversy, it by no means terminated here. The vain-glorious clergyman was doomed to receive a severe scourging from a *Layman*, which must have made him writhe in every nerve. "Charles and his Court were passionately devoted to wit and raillery. They gloried in a **BUTLER**, whose burlesque poetry exposed the Puritans to contempt, and broke the edge of public censure against themselves. The other party, however, could boast of **MARVELL**; both a wit and a poet, whose ironical muse often lashed the follies and vices of the Court."† Marvell answered

* Parker's want of probity appears in nothing more clear than in his slanders upon that "Prince of Divines" Dr. OWEN. In the "History of his Own Times," pages 352, 353, Parker thus writes of that great and good man: "John Owen published a work bearing this title, '*An Apology for Liberty of Conscience*.' In this book, undertaking the patronage of his party, he is not ashamed to praise the great loyalty of the Independents to the King, tho' he himself was dipt in the blood of King Charles I. He scribbles with rough and disagreeable language, with no weight of reason, and with an unheard of licentiousness of *lying*. He was from his youth a most indefatigable author and advocate of Rebellion. Among the Regicides themselves, he was the bitterest enemy of the Royal Blood, who vehemently exhorted to the commission of that most execrable wickedness; and in a sermon before the regicides, prais'd and celebrated it when it was done; and as a prophet of God, he admonished and commanded them, to perfect on the posterity, (what under the divine influence) they had begun in the father; for it was pleasing to God, not only that the government of the whole family of the *Stuarts* should be utterly destroyed, but that no one should hereafter be suffered to reign in *England*. But I need say no more of this famous rebel now, since I may perhaps write the whole history of this *wicked* man."

† How delightful it is to observe **MARVELL**, with that generous temper which instantly discovers the alliance of Genius wherever it meets with it, warmly applaud the great work of **BUTLER**, which so completely ridiculed his own

the conceited clergyman; and in his "Rehearsal Transposed," (a title facetiously adopted from *Bayes* in "The Rehearsal Transposed" of the Duke of Buckingham) turned all the laughers against him. There are times and subjects which require the use of ridicule; and it will sometimes succeed, if judiciously managed, when graver arguments fail.

One of the legitimate ends of SATIRE, and one of the proud triumphs of Genius, is to unmask the false zealot, to beat back the haughty spirit that is treading down all, and if it cannot teach modesty, and raise a blush, at least to inflict terror and silence. It is then the Satirist gives honour to the place of the executioner.

"As one whose whip of steel can, with a lash,
Imprint the characters of shame so deep,
Even in the brazen forehead of proud sin,
That not *eternity* shall wear it out."

party. "He is one of an exalted wit," says Marvell, "and whoever dislikes the choice of his subject, cannot but commend the performance." Butler, however, experienced great neglect during his lifetime. The first part of "*Hudibras*" was published in 1663. The EARL OF DORSET made it known to Charles II., who often pleasantly quoted it in conversation. Every eye, says Dr. JOHNSON, now watched the golden shower which was to fall upon the author, who certainly was not without his share in the general expectation. In 1664, the Second Part appeared; the curiosity of the nation was re-kindled, and the writer was again praised and elated. Alas! praise was his sole reward. CLARENDON gave him reason to hope for "places and employments of value and credit;" but no such advantage did he ever obtain. Baffled in his views, the man whose wit had delighted a nation, was suffered, in his old age, to struggle with all the calamities of indigence. Something strikingly similar in the treatment of BUTLER and CERVANTES has been pointed out; for both, while their works were universally applauded, were suffered; the Spaniard to perish with infirmity, and in a prison,—and the Englishman to linger out a long life in precarious dependence. Butler died in 1680, and a monument was, in 1721, erected to his memory, by Mr. JOHN BARBER, citizen of London, which gave occasion to the following lines by Mr. SAMUEL WESLEY:

"Whilst Butler, needy wretch! was yet alive,
No generous patron would a dinner give:
See him, when starved to death, and turned to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust;
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown:
He asked for bread, and he received a stone."

Previously to this, DRYDEN, in his "Hind and Panther," makes the *Hind* (or Church of Rome) complain of the *Panther*, (or Church of England) in neglecting a Poet who had stood up in her defence.

"Unpitied *Hudibras* your champion friend,
Has shown how far your charities extend:
This lasting verse shall on his tomb be read,
He sham'd you living, and upbraids you dead."

The controversy between Marvell and Parker is a striking example of the efficient powers of genius, in first humbling, and then annihilating, an unprincipled bravo, who has placed himself at the head of a faction. Marvell was a master in all the arts of ridicule; and his inexhaustible spirit only required some *permanent* subject, to rival the causticity of SWIFT, whose style, in neatness and vivacity, seems to have been modelled from it; for, in his "*Tale of a Tub*," he says, "we still read Marvell's answer to Parker with pleasure, though the book it answers be sunk long ago." But Marvell placed the oblation of genius on a *temporary* altar, and the sacrifice sunk with it; he wrote to the times, and with the times his writings have, in some measure, passed away. He left behind him no Poem of permanent interest; and although his satirical poetry is fraught with sparkling and poignant wit, yet the subjects were chiefly personal and temporary, and not like the more elaborate work of BUTLER, identified with the national history, manners, and opinions.

Such are the vigour and fertility of Marvell's writings, that our old chronicler of literary history, ANTHONY WOOD, considers him as the founder "in the then newly-refined art (though much in fashion almost ever since) of sporting and geering buffoonery,"* and the crabbed humourist describes "this pen combat as briskly managed on both sides; a jerking, flirting way of writing; enter-

* Wit and raillery had been such strangers during the period of the *Commonwealth*, that honest Anthony, whose prejudices did not run in favour of Marvell, not only considers him as the "restorer of this newly-refined art," but as one "*hugely*" versed in it; and acknowledges all its efficacy in the complete discomfiture of his haughty rival. Besides this, a *small book* of controversy, like Marvell's, was another novelty—"the *aureoli libelli*," as one fondly calls his precious books, were in the wretched taste of the times, rhapsodies in *folio*. The reader has doubtless heard of CARYL's "Commentary on Job," consisting of 2400 folio pages! in small type. One just remark has been made on the utility of this work,—"that it is a very sufficient exercise for the virtue of *patience*, which it was chiefly intended to inculcate.

taining the reader, by seeing two such right cocks of the game so keenly engaged with sharp and dangerous weapons." BISHOP BURNETT calls Marvell "the liveliest droll of the age; who writ in a burlesque strain, but with so peculiar and entertaining a conduct, that, from the king to the tradesman, his books were read with great pleasure." Charles II. was a more polished judge than either of those uncouth critics, and to the credit of his impartiality (for that witty Monarch and his dissolute Court were never spared by Marvell), he deemed him the best prose Satirist of the age. But Marvell had other qualities than the freest humour, and the finest wit, in this "newly refined art," which seems to have escaped these grave critics—a *vehemence of solemn reproof*, and an eloquence of invective, that awes one with the spirit of the modern JUNIUS, and may give some notion of that more ancient Satirist, whose writings are said so completely to have answered their design, that, after perusal, their unhappy object hanged himself on the first tree; and, in the present case, though the delinquent did not lay violent hands on himself, he did what, for an author, may be considered as desperate a course,—“withdraw from the town, and cease writing for some years.”

This quarrel originated in a preface written by Parker, in which he poured contempt and abuse on his old companions the NONCONFORMISTS. It was then that Marvell clipped his wings with his “Rehearsal Transposed;” and his wit and humour were finely contrasted with Parker’s extravagance—set off in his usual declamatory style—of which Marvell wittily compares “the volume and circumference of the periods, like too great a line; which weakens the defence, and requires too many men

to make it good." The tilt was now opened; and Parker's knights attempted to grasp the sharp and polished weapon of Marvell, and to turn it against himself; but in this kind of literary warfare, they were greatly inferior to their gifted antagonist.* Parker, in fact, replied to Marvell anonymously, by "A Reproof of the 'Rehearsal Transposed;' with a mild exhortation to the magistrate, to crush with the *secular* arm, the pestilent wit, the servant of Cromwell, and the friend of Milton." But this was not all: an anonymous letter was dispatched to Marvell, short enough to have been an epigram, could Parker have written one; but it was more in character, for it contained a threat of assassination, and concluded with these words:—"If thou darest to print any lie, or libel, against *Dr. Parker*, by the eternal God, I will cut thy throat."

In Marvell's two volumes of wit and broad humour, and of the most galling invective, one part flows so much into another, that the volatile spirit would be injured by an *analytical* process. We shall, however, give a *few* quotations from this soil, in which the rich vegetation breaks out in every part.†

The following spirited irony, on the "doleful evils" of

* As a specimen of what old Anthony calls "a jerking, flirting way of writing," we transcribe the titles of the answers. As Marvell had nicknamed Parker, *Bayes*; the quaint humour of one, entitled his reply, "Rosemary and Bayes;" another, "The Transposer Rehearsed, or the Fifth Act of Mr. Bayes' Play;" another, "Gregory Father Greybeard with his Vizard off." This was the very *Bartlemy Fair* of wit! But Marvell, with malicious ingenuity, sees Parker in them all—they so much resembled their master! "There were no less," says he, "than six *scaramouches* together upon the stage, all of them of the same gravity and behaviour, the same tone, and the same habit, that it was impossible to discern which was the true author of 'The Ecclesiastical Polity.' I believe he imitated the wisdom of some other princes, who have sometimes been persuaded by their servants to disguise several others in the regal garb, that the enemy might not know in the battle whom to single."

† That indefatigable collector of literary anecdotes and curiosities, Mr. D'ISRAELI, in his "Quarrels of Authors," has an interesting chapter on the controversy between Marvell and Parker, of which we have availed ourselves.

the *press*, is extracted from the "Rehearsal Transposed," vol. i. p. 14. Its vigour of reasoning would not have disgraced the argument of Milton's *Areopagitica*.

"The press hath owed him (Parker) a shame a long time, and is but now beginning to pay off the debt. The *press* (that villanous engine) invented much about the same time with the Reformation, hath done more mischief to the discipline of our Church than the doctrine can make amends for. It was a happy time, when all learning was in manuscript, and some little officer, like our author, did keep the keys of the library. When the clergy needed no more knowledge than to read the liturgy, and the laity no more clerkship than to save them from hanging. But now, since printing came into the world, such is the mischief, that a man cannot write a book, but presently he is answered. Could the press but at once be conjured to obey only an *imprimatur*, our author might not disdain, perhaps, to be one of its most zealous patrons. There have been wayes found out to banish ministers, to find not only the people, but even the grounds and fields where they assembled, in conventicles; but no art yet could prevent these seditious meetings of letters. Two or three *brawny* fellows in a corner, with meer ink, and elbow grease, do more harm than a hundred systematical divines, with their sweaty preaching. And, what is a strange thing, the very sponges, which one would think should rather deface and blot out the whole book, and were anciently used for that purpose, are become now the instruments to make them legible. Their ugly printing letters, which look but like so many rotten tooth-drawers; and yet these rascally operators of the press have got a trick to fasten them again in a few minutes, that they grow as firm a set, and as biting and talkative as ever. O, printing! how hast thou disturbed the peace of mankind! that lead, when moulded into *bullets*, is not so mortal as when formed into *letters*! There was a mistake, sure, in the story of *Cadmus*; and the serpent's teeth which he sowed, were nothing else but the letters which he invented. The first essay that was made towards this art, was in single characters upon iron, wherewith, of old, they stigmatized slaves, and remarkable offenders; and it was of good use, sometimes, to brand a schismatic; but a bulky Dutchman diverted it quite from its first institution, and contriving those innumerable *syntagmes* of alphabets, hath pestered the world ever since, with the gross bodies of their

German divinity. One would have thought in reason, that a Dutchman, might have contented himself only with the wine-press."

Parker was both *author* and *licenser* of his own work on "Ecclesiastical Polity,"* and it appears he got the license for printing Marvell's first "Rehearsal" *recalled*. The Church appeared in danger when the Doctor discovered he was so furiously attacked. Marvell sarcastically rallies him on his *dual* capacity.

"He is such an *At-all* of so many capacities, that he would excommunicate any man who should have presumed to intermeddle with any one of his provinces. Has he been an Author? he too is the *Licencer*. Has he been a Father? he will stand also for Godfather. Had he acted *Pyramus* he would have been *Moonshine* too, and the *Hole in the Wall*. That first author of "Ecclesiastical Polity," NERO, was of the same temper. He could not be contented with the Roman Empire, unless he were too his own Precentor; and lamented only the detriment that mankind must sustain at his death, in losing so excellent a *fidler*."

The Satirist describes Parker's arrogance for those whom he calls the "vulgar," and whom he defies as "a rout of wolves and tigers, apes and buffoons;" yet his personal fears are oddly contrasted with his self-importance: "If he chance but to sneeze, he prays that the *foundations of the earth* be not shaken. Ever since he crept up to be but the *weathercock of a steeple*, he trembles and creaks at every puff of wind that blows about him, as if the *Church of England* were falling." Parker boasted, in certain philosophical "*Tentamina*," or Essays of his, that he had confuted the *atheists*: Marvell declares, "if he hath reduced any atheists by his book, he can only pretend to have converted them (as in the old Florentine wars) by mere tiring them out with perfect weariness." A pleasant allusion to those mock fights

* The title will convey some idea of its intolerant principles:—"A Discourse of Ecclesiastical Polity; wherein the Authority of the Civil Magistrate over the Consciences of Subjects, in matters of external Religion, is asserted."

of the Italian mercenaries, who, after parading all day, rarely unhorsed a single cavalier.

Marvell, in noticing Parker and his coadjutors, blends with a ludicrous description, great fancy.

“The whole *Posse Archidiaconatus* was raised to repress me; and great riding there was, and sending post every way, to pick out the ablest Ecclesiastical Droles to prepare an answer. Never was such a hubbub made about a sorry book. One flattered himself with being at least a *surrogate*; another was so modest as to set up with being but a *Paritor*; while the most generous hoped only to be graciously smiled upon at a good dinner; but the more hungry starvelings generally looked upon it as an immediate call to a *benefice*; and he that could but write an answer, whatever it were, took it for the most dexterous, cheap, and legal way of *simony*. As is usual on these occasions, there arose no small competition among the candidates.”

It seems all the body had not impudence enough; some possessed too nice consciences, and others could not afford an extraordinary expense of wit for the occasion. It was then that

“The author of the “*Ecclesiastical Polity*” altered his lodgings to a *Calumny-Office*, and kept open chambers for all comers, that he might be supplied himself, or supply others, as there was occasion. But the information came in so slenderly, that he was glad to make use of any thing rather than sit out; and there was at last nothing so slight, but it grew material; nothing so false, but he resolved it should go for truth; and what it wanted in matter, he would make out with invention and artifice. So that he, and his remaining comrades, seemed to have set up a *glass-house*, the model of which he had observed from the height of his window in the neighbourhood; and the art he had been initiated into ever since the manufacture of *soap-bubbles*, he improved by degrees to the mystery of making *glass-drops*, and thence, in running leaps, mounted by these virtues to be Fellow of the Royal Society, Doctor of Divinity, Parson, Prebend, and Archdeacon. The furnace was so hot of itself, that there needed no coals, much less any one to blow them. One burnt the weed, another calcined the flint, a third melted down that mixture; but he himself fashioned all

with his breath, and polished with his style, till, out of a mere jelly of sand and ashes, he had furnished a whole cupboard of things, so brittle and incoherent, that the least touch would break them in pieces, and so transparent, that every man might see through them."

Parker had accused Marvell with having served CROMWELL, and being the friend of MILTON, then living, at a moment when such an accusation, not only rendered a man odious, but put his life in danger. Marvell, who now perceived that Milton, whom he never looked on but with reverential awe, was likely to be drawn into his quarrel, touches on this subject with great delicacy and tenderness, but not with diminished energy against his malignant adversary, whom he shows to have been an impertinent intruder into Milton's house, where he had first seen him. He cautiously alluded to our English Homer by his initials; at *that* time, the very name of Milton would have *tainted* the page!*

"J. M. was, and is, a man of great learning, and sharpness of wit, as any man. It was his misfortune, living in a tumultuous time, to be tossed on the *wrong* side, and he writ *flagrante bello*, certain dangerous treatises. But some of his books, upon which you take him at advantage, were of no other nature than one writ by your own father; only with this difference, that your father's, which I have by me, was written with the same design, but with much less wit or judgment. On his Majesty's return, J. M. did partake, even as you yourself did, for all your huffing, of his royal clemency, and has ever since expatiated himself in a retired silence. Whether it were my foresight, or my good fortune, I never con-

* The friendship between Milton and Marvell is an interesting fact in the history of two of the noblest characters this country has produced. The ecomiastic verses prefixed to "Paradise Lost," prove not only the admiration of Marvell for the "mighty poet," but that, long before the EARL OF DORSET or DRYDEN, Marvell had discovered and fully appreciated the incomparable Epic. EDWARD PHILLIPS, the nephew of Milton states, that "Marvell, with other friends, frequently visited the Poet when secreted on account of the threats of Government." It is not improbable that the humour of Marvell contrived the premature and mock funeral of Milton, which is reported, for a time, to have duped his enemies into a belief of his real death; and to Marvell's friendship the world is probably indebted for the great poems which were afterwards published.

tracted any friendship or confidence with you; but then, it was, you frequented J. M. incessantly, and haunted his house day by day. What discourses you there used, *he is too generous to remember.*"

Marvell, when he lays by his playful humour, and fertile fancy, for more *solemn* remonstrances, assumes a loftier tone, and a severity of invective, from which, indeed, Parker never recovered. Accused by Parker of aiming to degrade the *clerical* character, Marvell declares his veneration for that holy vocation, and would reflect even on the failings of the men, from whom so much is expected, with indulgent reverence.

"Their virtues are to be celebrated with all encouragement, and if their vices be not notoriously palpable, *let the eye, as it defends its organ, so conceal the object by connivance.*" But there are cases when even to write satirically against a clergyman may be not only excusable, but necessary. "The man who gets into the church by the belfry, or the window, ought never to be born in the pulpit; the man who illustrates his own corrupt doctrines, with as ill a conversation, and adorns the lasciviousness of his life, with an equal petulancy of style and language:" in such a concurrence of misdemeanors, what is to be done? The example and the consequence so pernicious! which could not be "if our great pastors but exercise the wisdom of common shepherds, by parting with one, to stop the infection of the whole flock, when his rottenness grows notorious. Or if our clergy would but use the instinct of other creatures, and chase the *blown deer* out of their herd, such mischiefs might easily be remedied. It is in this case that I think a clergyman is laid open to the pen of any one, that knows how to manage it; and that every person who has either wit, learning, or sobriety, is licensed—if *debauched*, to curb him; if *erroneous*, to catechise him; and if *foul-mouthed and biting*, to muzzle him. Such an one would never have come into the church, but to take *sanctuary*; wheresoever men shall find the footing of so wanton a satyr out of his own bound, the neighbourhood ought, notwithstanding all his pretended capering divinity, to hunt him through the woods, with hounds and horse, home to his harbour."

Towards the end of the reign of Charles II. the bench of Bishops ran slavishly into all the measures of the Court, which extorted from Mr. LOCKE the memorable expression, "that they were the dead weight of the House." Marvell, whom ECHARD designates a "pestilential wit," thus alludes to them:—

"'Tis a very just observation that the English people are slow at inventing, but excellent in the art of improving a discovery; and I cannot recollect any thing, in which this is more verify'd, than with relation to *Episcopacy*; which, though originally of foreign growth; never arrived to its compleat maturity, till transplanted into this hospitable country.

"In the early ages of christianity, a Bishopric was really a laborious station, expos'd to numberless dangers, and fiery trials; insomuch that many of the Clergy then declin'd it, in good earnest; and had too much reason to say, *Nolo Episcopari*; but amongst us the burthen is so happily alleviated, that a double-chin'd Prelate hath now little more to do than to loll at ease in his chariot, or to snore in his stall. No wonder therefore that whenever any man is complimented with the tempting offer of a mitre, though the old self-denying form is still religiously observed, he, like a coy, but prudent damsel, cries *no*—and takes it.

"A primitive Bishop, notwithstanding the difficulties and discouragements attending the study of the Scriptures, spent most part of his time in poring over his bible; whereas, the politer moderns, find it more profitable, as well as pleasant, to amuse themselves with the fables of *Phædrus*, or the entertaining comedies of *Terence*.

"It is (1 Tim. iii. 2.) one of the characteristics of an apostolical Bishop, that he is the husband of one wife; which several of the old musty fathers interpret, that *he must be wedded to one diocese for life*. Accordingly, in the times of ignorance and superstition, when translations were deemed scandalous, a Bishop would as soon have deserted his religion as his flock, and would have resigned his life much rather than his See.—But a modish Prelate, of our days, is no sooner thus allegorically married, than (like other fine gentlemen) he grows weary of his wife, with whom perhaps he never so much as cohabited, and longs to get rid of her. Then, taking hold

of the first opportunity, he gives her a bill of divorce, kicks her off, and swoops her away for another, who brings a richer dowry for her maintenance. In token of this *episcopal wedlock*, the usual ceremony of a ring was antiently made use of in the consecration of Bishops; and, to this day, the arms of the diocese are quarter'd, in their escutcheons, with their own—if they have any.

“St. Paul, the first Bishop of the Gentile converts, testifies of himself, that he became all things to all men, that by all means he might save some. (1 Cor. ix.) Our modern Prelates, become all things to all men, that by all means they may get something, as well as save.

“The ecclesiastical historians inform us, that in days of yore, Bishops were so unmannerly, that they frequently thwarted the civil powers, and disconcerted their measures. But, behold how good and pleasant a thing it is, when Church and State, like loving brethren, go cheek by jowl, and dwell together in unity! (Psal. cxxxiii. 1.) We had a glorious instance of this, in the late* times; and though their zeal happened to fail of success, it shews how ready they were, upon all occasions, to serve the court. At present I can ascribe the happy situation of our affairs to nothing more effectual than the complaisant deportment of that venerable order to the interests of our ministers, and their almost unanimous concurrence with their stupendous negotiations.

“The primitive Bishops were daily occupy'd in attending at the altar, and other fatiguing duties of their function. Our more political Prelates are experimentally appriz'd that it turns to much better account to dance attendance at a great man's levee, and leave the drudgery of prayer and preaching to their half-starv'd curates.

“The Patriarchs of the primitive Church were but slenderly supported, by the voluntary contributions of christian proselytes. Those of our own, besides the sums drain'd out of the inferior clergy, and the various profits arising from their spiritual courts, by which the vices of the laity become marvellously beneficial to the hierarchy; are not only possess'd of ample temporal lordships, but are also enabled, by the disposition of several ecclesiastical

* He means the reign of King Charles I.; when most of the bench suffered themselves to be governed by a proud and insolent Bishop of London, (LAUD) who worked himself, by those means, into the see of *Canterbury*, and was one of the chief causes, according to Lord Clarendon, of all the miseries that ensued.

preferments, to make a handsome provision for a numerous progeny of sons, daughters, nieces, &c. The former thought themselves oblig'd, out of their small revenues, to be extensive in their acts of liberality and beneficence; and even to impoverish themselves, for the relief of distressed strangers. The latter have so conscientious a regard for that æconomical precept, which enjoins them especially to provide for those of their own household, or family, that they seldom bestow their charity abroad.

“As the advancement of a primitive priest to the episcopal dignity was entirely founded upon his own intrinsic merit, abstracted from any worldly consideration; so, in promoting others, he had respect to nothing but learning and diligence in the discharge of the ministerial office, together with an exemplary purity and integrity of life. He countenanc'd no cringers, sycophants, or informers; gave no encouragement to bribery, smock-simony, or any of those mean arts, by which too many of the clergy now a-days, if not grossly misrepresented, endeavour to recommend themselves to the patronage of the Right Reverends.*

“The antient Bishops, in imitation of John the Baptist, would boldly rebuke the vices of courtiers and princes. AMBROSE, a prelate of the fourth century, excluded the Emperor Theodosius from the eucharist; nor could he be persuaded to absolve and readmit him to church communion, till he had sate upon the stool of repentance for eight months, and testify'd the deepest contrition for revenging the extrajudicial proceedings against Buthericus, a great officer at court, who had been assaulted by popular fury.

“Lastly, the antients entertain'd such an insuperable antipathy to pluralities, that no motive could influence them to accept of any appendage to a Bishopric.—The wiser moderns, in conjunction with their Bishoprics commonly hold either a Deanery, or a comfortable Prebend, together with a good fat Parsonage, and perhaps half a dozen Sinecures, *in commendam*.†

* MR. NELSON says, in his life of BISHOP BULL, that a certain Clergyman applied to him for preferment, and had the impudence to offer him a purse of gold. The good Bishop saw it, and trembled; and immediately sent away this abandoned prostitute with great indignation.

† A writer hath drawn the character of such a great, overgrown Pluralist, in the following words:—“It is really odd enough to see an idle creature rolling in wealth, luxury, and ease; living voluptuously every day; preaching, perhaps, once a year, (even then probably) not the gospel, but some favourite point of power, or revenue; daily accumulating riches; changing almost yearly from diocese to diocese; still aiming at a better, and the highest of all; hardly visiting any, or staying long enough with any one

"The Greeks may have excell'd us in the art of rhetoric, or poetry, but we have fairly outstripp'd them in refining upon *Bishopcraft*. A modern hath as much the advantage of an antient Prelate, as riding in an easy coach is preferable to trudging through the dirt on foot. Who therefore but a stiff-rump'd disciple of Jack Calvin will be so absurd as to deny that he, who desir'd the office of an English, nay, of a Welsh, Bishop, desireth a good thing."

Marvell frames an ingenious apology for the freedom of his humour, in his attack on the morals and person of his adversary.

"To write against him (Parker) is the most odious task I ever undertook, for he has looked to me all the while like the cruelty of a living *dissection*; which, however it may tend to public instruction, and though I have picked out the most noxious creature to be anatomized, yet doth this scarce excuse the offensiveness of the scent, and fouling of my fingers; therefore I will here break off abruptly, leaving many a vein not laid open, and many a passage not searched into. But if I have undergone the drudgery of the most loathsome part already, which is his personal character, I will not defraud myself of what is more truly pleasant, the conflict with (if it may be so called) his *reason*."

In 1675, Dr. CROFT, Bishop of Hereford,* published

flock to know them; scarce seeing them, much less feeding them; yet still calling them by that tender name, without blushing; to see him multiplying benefices and commendams, holding several great cures, without attending upon one; yet declaiming after, and in the midst of all this, against the prevalence of deism and loose principles."—*See an Examination of the Bishop of Chichester's Sermon before the Lords, Jan. 30th, 1731-2.*

Mr. WHISTON also observes, in his Memoirs of Dr. CLARKE, that till our Bishops leave off procuring commendams, and heaping up riches and preferments on themselves, their relations, and favourites; nay, till they correct their non-residence; till they leave the court, the parliament, and their politics, and go down to their several dioceses, and there labour in the vineyard of Christ, instead of standing most part of the day idle, at the Metropolis; they may write what learned vindications and pastoral letters they please. The observing unbelievers will not be satisfied they are in earnest; and, by consequence, will be little moved by all their arguments and exhortations.

* HERBERT CROFT was descended from an ancient family in Herefordshire. He was born October 18, 1603, at Great Milton, near Thame in *Oxfordshire*, in the house of Sir Wm. Green, where his mother was then on a visit. Being carefully educated in his early years, and possessing unwearied application, he soon qualified himself for academical studies, and was, in 1616, sent to *Oxford*. But he had not been long there, before his father joined the Church of Rome, and became a Lay Brother in the Benedictine monastery, at *Douay*. Upon his father's command, he went over into France, and was sent to the English college of Jesuits at St. Omers, where, by the persuasion

a discourse in quarto, entitled "The naked Truth, or the true state of the Primitive Church. By an humble Moderator." This work was written when the controversy with the Nonconformists was at its greatest height, and the quarrel so artfully widened, that the Papists entertained hopes of coming in through the breach. The Bishop's book, though no more than a pamphlet of four or five sheets, made a great noise in the world, and was read and studied by all men of sense and learning in the kingdom. Though it has often been reprinted, it was never common, and is now scarce. In this work, the Bishop shows the danger of imposing more than is necessary, especially as to terms of communion, and proceeds through all the great points in dispute between the Church of England and the Dissenters; labouring throughout to prove, that Protestants differ in nothing truly essential to religion; and that, for the sake of union,

of FATHER LLOYD, he was reconciled to the Church of Rome, and by the insinuations of the same person, and some others, contrary to his father's advice in that particular, was wrought upon to enter into "the order." Some time before his father's death, he returned to England to manage some family affairs, and becoming acquainted with Dr. MORTON, Bishop of Durham, he was, by his arguments, brought back to the Church of England, and soon after, at the desire of LAUD, he went a second time to Oxford, and was admitted of Christ Church.

In the spring of 1639, he attended the EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND as Chaplain, in an expedition to Scotland, and, in 1640, he was admitted to the degree of Doctor of Divinity. He was afterwards employed by the King upon various occasions, in those dangerous times, and always discharged his duty with fidelity, though sometimes at the hazard of his life. In the year 1644, he was nominated Dean of Hereford, when he married Mrs. ANN BROWN, the daughter of his predecessor. His circumstances were very narrow for some years, notwithstanding he had several preferments, for the dissolution of Cathedrals took place about this time: but, in 1659, by the successive deaths of his elder brothers, he became possessed of the family estate. Upon the death of Dr. NICHOLAS MONK, Bishop of Hereford, he was promoted to that see in December, 1661. He frequently officiated in the King's Chapel, and was remarkable for his practical preaching, and for the corresponding sanctity of his manners. Charles II. offered him, more than once, a better see, which he conscientiously refused. Being weary of a Court life, and finding but little good effects from his pious endeavours, in 1669, he retired to his Bishopric, where he was exceedingly beloved for his constant preaching, edifying conversation, hospitable manner of living, and most extensive charity. At length, full of years, and in the highest reputation, this venerable prelate ended his days at Hereford, on the 18th of May, 1691. The late Rev. HERBERT CROFT was his descendant.

compliances would be more becoming and effectual, than in enforcing *uniformity* by penalties and persecution. The whole is written with great plainness and piety, as well as with much force of argument and learning. If we consider the temper of those times, we need not wonder that this work was immediately replied to with much heat and zeal, not to use the harsher terms of fury and resentment. It was first attacked by Dr. FRANCIS TURNER,* Master of St. John's College, Cambridge, a great defender of ecclesiastical tyranny, and the imposition of human creeds, in a pamphlet entitled "*Animadversions on the Naked Truth.*" This pamphlet was penned, like all the rest of the writings of the same author, in an affected, but flowing style. It was replied to, with great vivacity, by Marvell, in a work entitled "*Mr. Smirke, or the Divine in Mode.*" He made him a second Bayes, as he had done Parker before, in "*The Rehearsal Transposed.*" Marvell, in speaking of Bishop Croft's works, says,

"It is a treatise which, if not for its opposer, needs no commendation: being writ with that evidence and demonstration of truth, that all sober men cannot but give their assent, and consent to it unasked. It is a book of that kind, that no Christian can peruse it without wishing himself to have been the author, and almost imagining that he is so: the conceptions therein being of so eternal idea, that every man finds it to be but a copy of the original in his own mind."

Marvell had a peculiar knack of calling names: it

* FRANCIS TURNER, was the son of Dr. Thomas Turner, Dean of Canterbury. He received his education at New College, in Oxford. In 1670 he was preferred to the Mastership of St. John's College, Cambridge. He was afterwards advanced to the Deanery of Windsor, which he held together with the Bishopric of *Rochester*. He was deprived for not taking the new oaths, 1st February, 1689—90. The next year he was accused of being a conspirator in a plot of *Nonjurors*, for restoring King James, for which some of that party were imprisoned; but he thought it prudent to abscond. A proclamation was soon after issued for apprehending him as a *traitor*.

consisted in appropriating a *ludicrous character* in some *popular comedy*, and dubbing his adversaries with it. In this spirit, he ridiculed Dr. TURNER, by giving him the name of a chaplain in ETHEREGE'S "Man of Mode," and thus, with a stroke of the pen, conveyed an idea of "a neat, starched, formal, and forward divine." This application of a fictitious character to a real one—this christening a man with ridicule—though of no difficult invention, will prove not a little hazardous to *inferior* writers; for it requires not less wit than Marvell's to bring out of the real character, the ludicrous features which mark the prototype.

In return for this defence of his work, the Bishop of Hereford wrote the following letter to Marvell:—

"SIR,

I choose to run some hazard of this, (having noe certain information) rather than incurre your censure of ingratitude to the person who hath set forth Mr. Smirke in so trim and proper a dresse, unto whose hands I hope this will happily arrive, to render him due thanks for the humane civility, and christian charity shewed to the author of *Naked Truth*, so bespotted with the dirty language of foule-mouthed beasts, whoe, though he feared much his own weaknesse, yet, by God's undeserved grace, is so strengthened, as not at all to be dejected, or much concerned with such snarling curs, though sett on by many spightfull hands and hearts, of a high stamp, but as base alloy. I cannot yet get a sight of what the BISHOP OF ELY (Turner) hath certainly printed; but keeps very close, to put forth, I suppose the next approaching Session of Parliament, when there cannot be time to make a reply; for I have just cause to feare the session will be short. Sir, this assures you, that you have the zealous prayers, and hearty service of the author of *Naked Truth*, your humble servant.

H. C."

July, 1676.

In answer to this Letter from Bishop Croft, Marvell writes to him:—

“MY LORD,

Upon Tuesday night last I received your thanks for that which could not deserve your pardon; for great is your goodness to professe a gratitude, where you had a justifiable reason for your clemency; for notwithstanding the ill-treatment you received from others, 'tis I that have given you the highest provocation. A good cause receives more injury from a weak defence, than from a frivolous accusation; and the ill that does a man no harm, is to be preferred before the good that creates him a prejudice: but your Lordship's generosity is not, I see, to be reformed by the most exquisite patterns of ill-nature; and while perverse men have made a crime of your virtue, yet 'tis your pleasure to convert the obligation I have placed upon you into a civility.

Indeed, I meant all well, but 'tis not every one's good fortune to light into hands where he may escape; and for a man of good intentions, lesse than this I could not say in due and humble acknowledgment, and your favourable interpretation of me; for the rest, I most heartily rejoyce to understand, that the same God who hath chosen you out to beare so eminent a testimony to his truth, hath given you also that Christian magnanimity to hold up, without any depression of spirit, against its and your opposers: what they intend further, I know not, neither am I curious; my soul shall not enter into their secrets; but as long as God shall lend you life and health, I reckon our church is indefectible; may he, therefore, long preserve you to his honour, and further service, which shall be the constant prayer of,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble,

And most faithful Servant,

London, July 16th, 1676.

ANDREW MARVELL.”

Marvell was also the author of several valuable political tracts, advocating frequent Parliaments as the spirit of the English Constitution, and of many admirable pamphlets on religious liberty. His political *facetiae*, although

extremely witty and caustic, are generally interwoven with references to persons and public occurrences, now gone to "the tomb of the Capulets." From his "Historical Essay concerning general Councils, Creeds, and Impositions in matters of Religion," which is a continuation of the defence of Naked Truth, and shows the absurdity of *imposing* articles of faith, we give the following extract:—

"It were good that the greater Churchmen relied more upon themselves, and their own direction, not building too much upon stripping chaplains, that men may not suppose the masters (as one that has a good horse, or a fleet hound) attributes to himself the virtues of his creature. That they inspect the morals of the clergy: the moral Heretics do the church more harm than all the Nonconformists can do, or can wish it. That before they admit men to subscribe the thirty-nine articles for a benefice, they try whether they know the meaning. That they would much recommend to them the reading of the bible. It is a very good book, and if a man read it carefully, will make him much wiser. That they would advise them to keep the Sabbath: if there were no morality in the day, yet there is a great deal of prudence in the observing it. That they would instruct those that come for holy orders and livings, that it is a terrible vocation they enter upon; but that has indeed the greatest reward. That to gain a love is beyond all the acquists of traffic, and to convert an atheist, more glorious than all the conquests of the soldier. That betaking themselves to this spiritual warfare, they ought to be disentangled from the world. That they do not ride for a benefice, as if it were for a fortune or a mistress; but there is more in it. That they take the ministry up not as a trade. That they make them understand, as well as they can, what is the grace of God. That they do not come into the pulpit too full of fustian or logic; a good life is a clergyman's best syllogism, and the quaintest oratory; and until they outlive them, they will never get the better of the fanatics, nor be able to preach with demonstration and spirit, or with any effect or authority. That they be lowly minded, and no railers.

"But to the judicious and serious reader, to whom I wish any thing I have said may have given no unwelcome entertainment, I

shall only so far justify myself, that I thought it no less concerned me to vindicate the laity from the impositions that the Jew would force upon them, than others to defend those impositions on behalf of the clergy. But the Rev. Mr. HOOKER, in his ‘Ecclesiastical Polity,’ says, ‘The time will come when three words, uttered with charity and meekness, shall receive a far more blessed reward, than three thousand volumes, written with disdainful sharpness of wit.’ And I shall conclude.

“I trust in the Almighty, that with us, contentions are now at the highest float, and that the day will come (for what cause is there of despair) when the possessions of former enmity being allaid, men shall with ten times redoubled tokens of unfeignedly reconciled love, shew themselves each to other the same which Joseph, and the brethren of Joseph, were at the time of their interview in Egypt. And upon this condition, let my book also (yea myself, if it were needful) be burnt by the hands of those enemies to the peace and tranquillity of the religion of England.”

In this work Marvell gives a full account of the general *Council of Nice*, and states the ill consequences of such unhappy debates. A persecuting spirit in the times, drives the greatest men to take refuge in the arts of subterfuge. Compelled to *disguise* their sentiments, they will not *suppress* them; and hence all their ambiguous proceedings, all that ridicule and irony, with which ingenious minds, when forced to, have never failed to try the patience, or the sagacity of intolerance. SHAFTESBURY has thrown out, on this head, some important truths.—“If men are forbid to speak their minds *seriously*, they will do it *ironically*. If they find it dangerous to do so, they will then redouble their disguise, and talk so as hardly to be understood. The *persecuting* spirit raises the *bantering* one:—the higher the slavery, the more exquisite the buffoonery.” To this cause we owe the strong raillery of MARVELL, and the formidable, though gross, burlesque of HICKERINGILL.

Besides the above works, Marvell published other

compositions. One called "A seasonable Question and an useful Answer, between a Parliament Man in Cornwall, and a Bencher in the Temple, by A. M. 1676." The other, "A seasonable Argument to the Grand Juries of England, to petition for a new Parliament, or a List of the principal Labourers in the great Design of Popery and Arbitrary Power, who have betrayed their Country."

The following is a parody by Marvell, on the speeches of Charles II.—

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

"I told you, at our last meeting, the winter was the fittest time for business, and truly I thought so, till MY LORD TREASURER assured me the spring was the best season for salads and subsidies. I hope, therefore, that April will not prove so unnatural a month, as not to afford some kind showers on my parched exchequer, which gapes for want of them. Some of you, perhaps, will think it dangerous to make me too rich; but I do not fear it; for I promise you faithfully, whatever you give me I will always want; and although in other things my word may be thought a slender authority, yet in that, you may rely on me, I will never break it."

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

"I can bear my straits with patience; but MY LORD TREASURER* does protest to me, that the revenue, as it now stands, will not

* "The person," says BURNETT, "who was appointed to succeed LORD CLIFFORD as treasurer, was SIR THOMAS OSBORN, a gentleman of Yorkshire, whose estate was sunk. He was a very plausible speaker, but too copious, and could not easily make an end of his discourse. He had been always among the high cavaliers; and missing preferment, he opposed the court much, and was one of Lord Clarendon's bitterest enemies. He gave himself great liberties in discourse, and did not seem to have any regard for truth, or so much as to the appearances of it; and was an implacable enemy; but he had a peculiar way to make his friends depend on him, and to believe he was true to them. He was a positive and undertaking man: so he gave the King great ease by assuring him all things would go according to his mind in the next Session of Parliament. And when his hopes failed him, he had always some excuse ready to put the miscarriage upon. And by this means he got into the highest degree of confidence with the King, and maintained it the longest of all who ever served him." The EARL OF DARTMOUTH also says of him, "I never knew a man that could express himself so clearly, or that seemed to carry his point so much by force of a superior understanding. In private conversation he had a particular art in making the company tell their opinions without discovering his own, which he would afterwards make use of very much to his advantage, by undertaking that people should be of an opinion that he knew was theirs before." SIR THOMAS OSBORN was afterwards created LORD DANBY, next MARQUIS OF CARMARTHEN, and lastly, DUKE OF LEEDS.

serve him and me too. One of us must pinch for it, if you do not help me. I must speak freely to you; I am in bad circumstances, for besides my harlots in service, my *reformado* concubines lie heavy upon me. I have a passable good estate, I confess; but God's-fish, I have a great charge upon it. Here is my Lord Treasurer can tell, that all the money designed for next summer's guards must, of necessity, be applied to the next year's craddles and swaddling clothes. What shall we do for ships then? I hint this only to you, it being your business, not mine; I know, by experience, I can live without ships. I lived ten years abroad without, and never had my health better in my life; but how *you* will be without, I leave to yourselves to judge, and therefore hint this only by the bye: I do not insist upon it. There is another thing I must press more earnestly, and that is this: it seems a good part of my revenue will expire in two or three years, except you will be pleased to continue it. I have to say for it; pray, why did you give me so much as you have done, unless you resolve to give on as fast as I call for it? The nation hates you already for giving so much, and I will hate you too, if you do not give me more. So that, if you stick not to me, you will not have a friend in England. On the other hand, if you will give me the revenue I desire, I shall be able to do those things for your religion and liberty, that I have had long in my thoughts, but cannot effect them without a little more money to carry me through. Therefore look to't, and take notice, that if you do not make me rich enough to undo you, it shall lie at your doors. For my part, I wash my hands on it. But that I may gain your good opinion, the best way is to acquaint you what I have done to deserve it, out of my royal care for your religion and your property. For the first, my proclamation is a true picture of my mind. He that cannot, as in a glass, see my zeal for the Church of England, does not deserve any farther satisfaction, for I declare him wilful, abominable, and not good. Some may, perhaps, be startled, and cry, how comes this sudden change? To which I answer, I am a changeling, and that is sufficient, I think. But to convince men farther, that I mean what I say, there are these arguments.

“First, I tell you so, and you know I never break my word.

“Secondly, MY LORD TREASURER says so, and he never told a lie in his life.

"Thirdly, MY LORD LAUDERDALE* will undertake it for me : and I should be loath, by any act of mine, he should forfeit the credit he has with you.

"If you desire more instances of my zeal, I have them for you. For example, I have converted my natural sons from popery, and I may say without vanity, it was my own work, so much the more peculiarly mine than the begetting them. 'Twould do one's heart good to hear how prettily George can read already in the psalter. They are all fine children, God bless 'em, and so like me in their understandings ! But, as I was saying, I have, to please you, given a pension to your favourite, My Lord Lauderdale ; not so much that I thought he wanted it, as that you would take it kindly. I have made *Carwell*, Duchess of Portsmouth, and married her sister to the Earl of Pembroke. I have, at my brother's request, sent my Lord Inchiquin into Barbary, to settle the Protestant religion among the Moors, and an English interest at Tangier. I have made *Crew*, Bishop of Durham, and at the first word of my Lady Portsmouth, *Prideaux*, Bishop of Chichester. I know not, for my part, what factious men would have ; but this I am sure of, my

* BURNETT, who was acquainted with Lauderdale, says, "I knew him particularly. He made an ill appearance: he was very big : his hair red, hanging oddly about him : his tongue was too big for his mouth, which made him bedew all that he talked to : his whole manner was rough and boisterous, and unfit for a court. He was very learned, not only in Latin, in which he was a master, but in Greek and Hebrew. He had read a great deal of divinity, and almost all the historians, ancient and modern, so that he had great materials. He had with these an extraordinary memory, and a copious but unpolished expression ; abject to those he saw he must stoop to, but imperious to all others. He had a violence of passion that carried him often to fits like madness, in which he had no temper. If he took a thing wrong, it was impossible to convince him, and he would swear he would never be of another mind : he was to be left alone ; and perhaps he would have forgot what he had said, and come about of his own accord. He was the coldest friend, and the most violent enemy I ever knew ; and I felt it too much not to know it. He at first seemed to despise wealth ; but he delivered himself up afterwards to luxury and sensuality ; and by that means he ran into a vast expense, and stuck at nothing that was necessary to support it. In his long imprisonment he had great impressions of religion on his mind ; but he wore these out so entirely, that scarce any trace of them was left. His great experience in affairs, his ready compliance with every thing that he thought would please the King, and his bold offering at the most desperate counsels, gained him such an interest in the King, that no attempt against him, nor complaint of him, could ever shake it, till a decay of strength and understanding forced him to let go his hold. He was, in his principles, much against popery and arbitrary government ; and yet, by a fatal train of passions and interests, he made way for the former, and had almost established the latter. And, where some by a smooth deportment made the first beginnings of tyranny less discernable and unacceptable, he, by the fury of his behaviour, heightened the severity of his ministry, which was liker the cruelty of an inquisition than the legality of justice."

predecessors never did any thing like this, to gain the good will of their subjects. So much for your religion, and now for your property. My behaviour to the bankers is a public instance; and the proceedings between Mrs. Hyde and Mrs. Sutton, for private ones, are such convincing evidences, that it will be needless to say any more to it.

“I must now acquaint you, that, by My Lord Treasurer’s advice, I have made a considerable retrenchment upon my expenses in candles and charcoal, and do not intend to stop, but will, with your help, look into the late embezzlements of my dripping-pans and kitchen-stuff; of which, by the way, upon my conscience, neither My Lord Treasurer, nor My Lord Lauderdale, are guilty. I tell you my opinion; but if you should find them dabbling in that business, I tell you plainly, I leave them to you; for, I would have the world to know, I am not a man to be cheated.”

“MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

“I desire you to believe me as you have found me; and I do solemnly promise you, that whatsoever you give me shall be specially managed with the same conduct, trust, sincerity, and prudence, that I have ever practised, since my happy restoration.”

The last work of Marvell’s, published before his death, was,—“An Account of the Growth of Popery and Arbitrary Government in England.” Printed in 1678; reprinted in the State Trials, 1689. In this work, the principles of our constitution are clearly laid down; the legal authority of the Kings of England is precisely ascertained; and the glory of the monarch, and the happiness of the people, are proved equally to depend upon a strict observance of their respective obligations. In comparing the sovereigns of England with other potentates, he observes:—

“The kings of England are in nothing inferior to other princes, save in being more abridged from injuring their own subjects; but have as large a field as any, of external felicity, wherein to exercise their own virtue, and to reward and encourage it in others. In short, there is nothing that comes nearer the divine perfection, than

where the monarch, as with us, enjoys a capacity of doing all the good imaginable to mankind, under a disability to do all that is evil."

He likewise draws a striking contrast of the miseries of a nation living under a Popish administration, and the blessings enjoyed under a Protestant government; nor can a stronger proof be adduced of the complexion of the reigning politics of that era, than the disgust excited at Court by the free sentiments contained in this work. It has been denied by some historians, that Charles II. either encouraged Popery, or governed arbitrarily; and yet the following advertisement appeared in the *Gazette*, respecting Marvell's work:—"Whereas there have been lately printed and published, several seditious and scandalous libels, against the proceedings of both Houses of Parliament, and other his Majesty's Courts of Justice, to the dishonour of his Majesty's government, and the hazard of the public peace: *These are to give notice*, that what person soever shall discover unto one of the Secretaries of State, the printer, publisher, author, or hander to the press, of any of the said libels, so that full evidence may be made thereof to a jury, without mentioning the informer; *especially one libel*, entitled 'An Account of the growth of Popery,' &c. and another called 'A seasonable Argument to all Grand Juries,' &c.; the discoverer shall be rewarded as follows:—he shall have £50. for the discovery of the printer, or publisher, and for the hander of it to the press, £100." &c. This reward of the Court did not move the calm disposition of Marvell; for, in a letter to his friend, Mr. POPPLE, dated 10th June, 1678, he pleasantly says,—“There came out, about Christmas last, a large book, concerning ‘The Growth of Popery and Arbitrary Government.’ There have been great rewards offered in

private, and considerable in the Gazette, to any who would inform of the author. Three or four books, printed since, have described, as near as it was proper to go, the man, *Mr. Marvell*, a member of Parliament, as the author; but if he had, surely he would not have escaped being questioned in Parliament, or some other place." No prosecution, however, ensued.

Marvell had now rendered himself so obnoxious to the venal friends of a corrupt Court, and to the heir presumptive, JAMES, DUKE OF YORK, (himself a bigoted Papist) that he was beset on all sides by powerful enemies, who even proceeded so far as to menace his life. Hence he was obliged to use great caution, to appear seldom in public, and frequently to conceal the place of his abode: but all his care proved ineffectual to preserve him from their vengeance; for he died on the 16th of August, 1678, aged 58 years, not without strong suspicions, (as his constitution was entire and vigorous) of having suffered under the effect of *poison*.

" But whether fate or art untwin'd his thread
Remains in doubt. Fame's lasting register
Shall leave his name enroll'd, as great as those
Who at Philippi for their country fell."

Marvell appears to have attended at a public court, in the Town-hall of Hull, a few weeks previously to his death; for in an extract from their books, we find the following entry:—" This day (29th July, 1678) the Court being met, *Andrew Marvell, Esquire*, one of the burgesses of Parliament for this Borough, came into Court, and several discourses were held about the town affaires."

The public, however, reaped the benefit of his patriotism the following year. His writings had opened the

eyes of several members of the House of Commons; and, those who had long been obsequious to government, now found so strong an opposition to its measures, that the King found himself under the necessity of dissolving his favourite assembly, which had sat for eighteen years, under the odious epithet of "The Pensionary Parliament." The new Parliament, which met in March 1679, seemed to have imbibed the sentiments of the deceased Marvell; the growth of Popery, the arbitrary measures of the Ministry, and the expediency of excluding the DUKE OF YORK from the succession, being the chief objects which engaged their attention. The spirit of civil liberty, having now gone forth among the people, the Parliament, which assembled in 1680, steadily opposed the Popish succession. From the ashes of Marvell sprung up, as it were, a new race of patriots, whose vigorous integrity laid the foundation of the glorious Revolution.

On the death of Marvell, the Corporation of Hull assembled in Common-hall, and unanimously voted fifty pounds towards defraying the expense of his funeral.

In 1688, the inhabitants of his native town, who had not dared to declare their feelings under the two preceding Princes, to testify their grateful remembrance of his patriotic services, collected a sum of money for the purpose of raising a monument to his memory, in the church of St. Giles' in the Fields, London, where he was interred: but the bigoted Rector of the day would not suffer it to be placed within its walls. The epitaph, drawn up on the occasion, is a manly composition, and exhibits a bright example of active and incorruptible patriotism.

Near this Place

LIETH THE BODY OF ANDREW MARVELL, ESQUIRE,
 A MAN SO ENDOWED BY NATURE,
 SO IMPROVED BY EDUCATION, STUDY, AND TRAVEL,
 SO CONSUMMATE BY EXPERIENCE;
 THAT JOINING THE MOST PECULIAR GRACES OF
 WIT AND LEARNING,
 WITH A SINGULAR PENETRATION AND STRENGTH OF
 JUDGMENT,
 AND EXERCISING ALL THESE IN THE WHOLE COURSE OF HIS LIFE,
 WITH UNALTERABLE STEADINESS IN THE
 WAYS OF VIRTUE,
 HE BECAME THE ORNAMENT AND EXAMPLE OF HIS
 AGE!
 BELOVED BY GOOD MEN, FEARED BY BAD, ADMIRER BY ALL,
 THO' IMITATED, ALAS! BY FEW, AND SCARCELY
 PARALLELED BY ANY.
 BUT A TOMBSTONE CAN NEITHER CONTAIN HIS CHARACTER,
 NOR IS MARBLE NECESSARY TO TRANSMIT IT
 TO POSTERITY:
 IT IS ENGRAVED IN THE MINDS OF THIS GENERATION,
 AND WILL BE ALWAYS LEGIBLE IN HIS INIMITABLE WRITINGS.
 NEVERTHELESS,
 HE HAVING SERVED NEAR TWENTY YEARS SUCCESSIVELY
 IN PARLIAMENT,
 AND THAT WITH SUCH WISDOM, DEXTERITY, INTEGRITY, AND COURAGE,
 AS BECAME A TRUE PATRIOT:
 THE TOWN OF KINGSTON-UPON-HULL,
 FROM WHENCE HE WAS CONSTANTLY DEPUTED TO THAT ASSEMBLY,
 LAMENTING IN HIS DEATH THE PUBLIC LOSS,
 HAVE ERECTED THIS MONUMENT OF THEIR GRIEF AND GRATITUDE.
 HE DIED IN THE 58TH YEAR OF HIS AGE, ON THE
 16TH OF AUGUST, 1678.

Heu fragile humanum genus! heu terrestria vana!

Heu quàm spectatum continet urna virum!

Thus have we collected, from a variety of sources, and reduced into narrative, all that we can find authentically recorded of ANDREW MARVELL, a man who united, in an eminent degree, the wit, the scholar, the disinterested

and incorruptible patriot. The modern political maxim, that "every man has his price," did not apply to Marvell. It is surprising that an individual, so highly gifted, and who made so considerable a figure in his day, found no contemporary biographer to record the memorials of his life; and this is the more to be regretted, as it would have furnished many interesting anecdotes which are now buried in oblivion. It must, however, be remembered, that Marvell lived at a very critical period, and being prominently placed in office, and possessing considerable influence, during the *Commonwealth*; this may be a reason why we hear so little of him afterwards. Besides, he seems to have been, from the united testimony of his contemporaries, a man of retired habits, and reserved conversation, except amongst his most intimate friends, with whom he was lively, facetious, and instructive.

The following imitation, by Marvell, from SENECA, (*Traged. ex Thyeste, Chorus 2.*) is highly characteristic of his own mind, and shows the absence of ambition, and love of retirement:—

“Climb at *Court* for me that will—
Tottering favor’s pinnacle;
All I seek is to lie still.
Settled in some secret nest
In calm leisure let me rest;
And far off the public stage
Pass away my silent age.
Thus when without noise, unknown,
I have liv’d out all my span,
I shall die, without a groan,
An old honest countryman.
Who expos’d to other’s eyes,
Into his own heart ne’er pries,
Death to him’s a strange surprise.”

Mr. JOHN AUBREY, who personally knew Marvell, says that "he was of a middling stature, pretty strong set, roundish faced, cherry cheeked, hazel eyed, brown haired. In his conversation he was modest, and of very few words. He was wont to say, he would not drink high, or freely, with any one with whom he would not trust his life." Mr. COOKE informs us, that "Marvell was very reserved among those he did not well know, but a most delightful and improving companion among friends. He was always very temperate, and of a healthful constitution to the last."

Mr. GRANGER, in his "Biographical History of England," observes, that "Andrew Marvell was an admirable master of ridicule, which he exerted with great freedom in the cause of liberty and virtue. He never respected vice for being dignified, and dared to attack it wherever he found it, though on the throne itself. There never was a more honest satirist: his pen was always properly directed, and had the same effect, at least upon such as were under no check or restraint from any laws, human or divine. He hated corruption more than he dreaded poverty, and was so far from being venal, that he could not be bribed by the king into silence, when he scarcely knew how to procure a dinner. His satires give us a higher idea of his patriotism and learning, than of his skill as a Poet."

CAPTAIN EDWARD THOMPSON, who published his works, says, but upon what authority we know not, that "Marvell was of a dark complexion, with long flowing black hair, black bright eyes, strong featured, his nose not small; but altogether a handsome man, with an expressive countenance: he was about five feet seven inches high, of a strong constitution, and very active; he was

of a reserved disposition among strangers, but easy, lively, facetious, and instructive, with his friends."

The following character of him, is supposed to have been written by SHEFFIELD, Duke of Buckingham:—

"While lazy prelates lean'd their mitred heads
On downy pillows, lull'd with wealth and pride,
(Pretending prophecy, yet nought foresee,)
MARVELL, this island's watchful sentinell,
Stood in the gap, and bravely kept his post:
When courtiers lewd in wine and riot slept;
'Twas he th' approach of Rome did first explore,
And the grim monster *arbitrary power*,
The ugliest giant ever trod the earth,
That, like Goliath, march'd before the host.
Truth, wit, and eloquence, his constant friends,
With swift dispatch he to the main guard sends;
Th' alarum strait their courage did excite,
Which check'd the haughty foes bold enterprize,
And left them halting between hope and fear.
He, like the sacred Hebrew leader, stood
The people's surest guide, and prophet too.
Athens may boast her virtuous *Socrates*,
The chief amongst the Greeks for moral good,
And Rome her orator, whose fam'd harangues
Foil'd the debauched Anthony's designs;
We him; and with deep sorrows wail his loss:
But whether fate or art untwin'd his thread,
Remains in doubt. Fame's lasting register
Shall leave his name enroll'd, as great as those
Who at *Philippi* for their country bled."

MR. CHARLES CHURCHILL has the following lines on the character of Marvell:—

"Tho' Sparta, Athens, and immortal Rome,
Adorn'd with laurels ev'ry patriot's tomb;
Tho' to their fames the sweetest poets sung,
And Brutus' virtue lives on Plutarch's tongue;
Tho' both the classic chissel and the pen,
Engrav'd the noblest acts of noblest men;

Yet shall our MARVELL's spotless virtue rise,
 And shine a constellation in the skies;
 Shall shine the foremost of the patriot band,
 A guiding beacon to his native land;
 And teach succeeding children of the north,
 To imitate his manners and his worth;
 Inspire his kinsmen with his patriot flame,
 And raise his HULL above the Roman name."

Mr. MASON, in his sweet and elegant Ode to *Independ-
 ency*, thus alludes to Marvell:—

"As now o'er this lone beach I stray
 Thy *fav'rite swain* oft stole along,
 And artless wove his doric lay,
 Far from the busy throng.

Thou heard'st him, Goddess, strike the tender string,
 And bad'st his soul with bolder passion move;
 Strait these responsive shores forgot to ring,
 With beauty's praise, or plaint of slighted love:
 To loftier flights his daring genius rose,
 And led the war, 'gainst thine and freedom's foes.

Pointed with satire's keenest steel,
 The shafts of wit he darts around:
 E'en *mitred dulness* learns to feel,
 And shrinks beneath the wound.*

In awful poverty his honest muse
 Walks forth vindictive through a venal land;
 In vain corruption sheds her golden dews,
 In vain oppression lifts her iron hand;
 He scorns them both, and arm'd with truth alone,
 Bids lust and folly tremble on the throne."

It appears that in 1765, the late Mr. THOMAS HOLLIS had some thoughts of publishing a complete edition of Marvell's Works. The following list was then drawn out for that purpose, by the learned printer Mr. BOWYER:—

1. Flecnoe, an English Priest—Instructions to a Painter, 1667.

* Alluding to Marvell's castigation of Parker, before mentioned.

2. A Poem against Lancelot Joseph de Maniban.
3. The Rehearsal Transposed, 1672.
4. Second Part of the Rehearsal Transposed, 1672.
5. Mr. Smirke, or the Divine in Mode: being certain Annotations on the Animadversions on the Naked Truth; together with a short historical Essay, concerning general Councils, Creeds, and Impositions, in matters of Religion, by Andreas Rivetus, Jun. 4to. London, 1676.
6. An Account of the Growth of Popery, 1676.
7. A short Historical Essay concerning General Councils, 1676.
8. A Letter to Oliver Cromwell, M.S. July 28, 1653.
9. A Letter to Wm. Popple, M.S. July 17th, 1676, &c.
10. Miscellaneous Poems, 1 vol. London: re-printed in 2 vols. 12mo., under the title of "The Works of Andrew Marvell, Esq., by Thomas Cooke."

Marvell's works were, however, published by Captain Thompson, in 1776, in 3 vols. 4to., who acknowledges his obligations to Mr. **BRANDE HOLLIS** in these words, "The late Mr. Thomas Hollis had once a design of making a collection of the compositions of Marvell, and advertisements were published for that purpose, by the late *Andrew Miller*, and all the Manuscripts and scarce Tracts then collected have been kindly sent to me."

Marvell had only one sister, named **ANN**, who married Mr. **JAMES BLAYDES**, by whom he had one daughter, **LYDIA**, who married **ROBERT NETTLETON**, alderman, and mayor of Hull, and died May 8, 1706. The eldest of Mr. Nettleton's children was the late **ROBERT NETTLETON**, a Russia merchant, in London, who was Marvell's great-nephew. He died the 25th of July, 1774, aged 81, and was buried in Camberwell church-yard.

There are two *original* Portraits of Marvell; one of which his great-nephew, Mr. NETTLETON, presented to the British Museum, where it is still preserved. Underneath this portrait is the following inscription, "Robert Nettleton, of London, Merchant, in the year 1764, presented to the Museum this ORIGINAL Portrait of Andrew Marvell, Esq., his grand uncle, to be preserved and placed among the strenuous asserters of the constitution, laws, and liberties of England."

The late Mr. Hollis had in his possession the other original portrait of Marvell, which was bought for him of Mr. T. BILLAM, of Leeds, by means of Mr. Boydell, the engraver, and was formerly in the possession of RALPH THORESBY, the Antiquary. Mr. Hollis, in a letter to his friend, in reference to this portrait says, "If Marvell's picture does not look so *lively* and *witty*, as you might expect, it is from the chagrin and awe he had of the *Restoration*, then just effected. Marvell's picture was painted when he was 41 years of age, that is, in 1661, *with all the sobriety and decency of the then departed Commonwealth.*"

In 1771, Captain Thompson presented a *Copy* of the Portrait in the British Museum to the *Trinity-House*, at Hull, which they placed in their Council Chamber, accompanied with the following character, by Captain Thompson, who appears to have been an enthusiastic admirer of the patriot.

ANDREW MARVELL, ESQUIRE,

"Was the unshaken friend of England, Liberty, and Magna Charta, who, to the highest ability, natural and acquired, joined the purest and most unsullied virtue; and a magnanimity not to be shaken by the foes of freedom. His wit was the scourge of 'mitred dulness,' and

royal folly; the lures of corruption he scorned with manly steadiness, and vested with the armour of truth, he bid defiance to oppression. Amidst the cobwebs of poverty, and need, he maintained his honour and honesty, and rejected the pageantry of a Court, as much as the venal temptations of a *Minister*. He preferred virtue and a garret, to meanness and the star-chamber, and gave up the viands of a king, for health, peace, and a crust. Places, pensions, bribes, lucre, and reversions, he left for such, whose prostituted hearts could sell and betray their country. In vain did the treasury pour forth her golden tides; in spite of every temptation, even in the most fretting need and indigence, he stood uncorrupted, the colossian champion of *liberty* and *independence*; and made the minions of 'lust and folly' tremble under the burnished canopy of the throne. And yet, alas! all these patriot virtues were insufficient to guard him against the jesuitical machinations of the state; for what vice and bribery could not influence, was perpetrated by *poison*. Thus fell one of the first characters of this kingdom, or of any other; a greater, Rome, Sparta, Athens, Carthage, could not boast! he was an honest man, a real patriot, and an incorruptible senator."

CAPTAIN THOMPSON, in his preface to Marvell's Works, says that the fine Hymn "on Gratitude," No. 453 in the *Spectator*; also the beautiful Ode, commencing with

"The spacious firmament on high," &c.

which have been generally attributed to ADDISON, were the productions of Marvell's pen, as appears from a Manuscript book which Captain Thompson had in his possession, *partly* in Marvell's hand-writing. And the

Hymn inserted in the *Spectator*, No. 461, commencing with

“When Israel, freed from Pharoah’s hand,” &c.

he also attributes to Marvell. This, however, is now known to be the noble composition of Dr. WATTS.

The celebrated Elegiac ballad of “*William and Margaret*,” claimed and published by MALLET in his *Poems*, Captain Thompson states, from the same authority, to have been the composition of Marvell, and written by him in 1670. As the property of Mallet, the ballad, to say the least, is extremely dubious; but Mallet has more occasion for it, and Thompson need not have appropriated it to Marvell, whose reputation stands not in need of a doubtful claim. Mr. NICHOLS, in his “*Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century*,” vol. ii. p. 450, says, that “perhaps a more ridiculous and ill-founded charge was never made, than that which Capt. Thompson has ventured to exhibit against Addison and Mallet.*

To Marvell have been ascribed (amongst others, by Mr. WARTON) the celebrated lines sent, with a portrait of the Protector, to CHRISTINA, Queen of Sweden.

Bellipotens Virgo, septem regina trionum,
Christina, Arctoï lucidua stella poli!
Cernis quas merui durâ sub casside rugas,
Utque senex armis impiger ora tero;
Invia fatorum dum per vestigia nitor,
Exequor et populi fortia jussa manu.
Ast tibi submittit frontem reverentior umbra:
Non sunt hi vultus regibus usque truces.

Thus translated by Dr. SYMMONS:—

“Imperial maid, great arbitress of war,
Queen of the Pole, yourself its brightest star!

* The claim thus set up by Captain Thompson for Marvell, gave rise to a long controversy, which may be seen in the *Gentleman’s Magazine*, vol. 46, p. 356, 401, 559, and vol. 47, p. 72.

Christina, view this helmet-furrow'd brow,
This age, that arms have worn, but cannot bow;
As through the pathless wilds of fate I press,
And hear the people's purpose to success;
Yet see! to you this front submits its pride:
Thrones are not always by its frown defied."

But as these lines (evidently within the province of the Latin Secretary) must have been written before 1654, in which year Christina abdicated her throne, and Marvell only became the colleague of Milton in 1657, it is not likely that the latter should have solicited aid upon the occasion, particularly as from other parts of his works it appears the Swedish Queen was a great object of his regard. He could hardly, by the disuse of a few years, have lost his facility in the constructing of Latin verse. Their being found in a posthumous publication of Marvell's works is surely of no consequence, as Marvell might have left a casual copy of them among his manuscripts; and, therefore, to Milton they are assigned by the high authorities of Bishop Newton, Dr. Birch, Mr. Dunster, and Dr. Symmons.

The following beautiful and tender letter, which was written by Marvell to SIR JOHN TROTT, on the death of his son, we think worth insertion:—

"HONOURED SIR,

I have not that vanity to believe, if you weigh your late loss by the common balance, that any thing I can write to you should lighten your resentments; nor if you measure things by the rules of Christianity, do I think it needful to comfort you in your duty, and your son's happiness. Only having a great esteem and affection for you, and the grateful memory of him that is departed being still green and fresh upon my spirit, I cannot forbear to enquire, how you have stood the second shock, at your sad meeting of friends in the country. I know that the very sight of those who have been witnesses of our

better fortune, doth but serve to reinforce a calamity. I know the contagion of grief, and infection of tears; and especially when it runs in a blood. And I myself could sooner imitate than blame those innocent relentings of nature, so that they spring from tenderness only, and humanity, not from an implacable sorrow. The tears of a family may flow together like those little drops that compact the rainbow, and if they be placed with the same advantage towards heaven, as those are to the sun, they too, have their splendour; and like that bow, while they unbend into seasonable showers, yet they promise that there shall not be a second flood. But the dissoluteness of grief—the prodigality of sorrow—is neither to be indulged in a man's self, nor complied with in others. If that were allowable in these cases, ELI'S was the reddyest way, and highest compliment, of mourning, who fell back from his seat, and broke his neck. But neither does precedent hold; for though he had been chancellor, and in effect King of Israel, for so many years (and such men, value, as themselves, their losses at a higher rate than others), yet when he heard that Israel was overcome, that his two sons, Hophni and Phineas, were slain in one day, and saw himself so without hope of issue, and, which embittered it further, without succession to the government, yet he fell not till the news that the ark of God was taken. I pray God that we may never have the same parallel perfected in our publick concernments. Then we shall need all the strength of grace and nature to support us. But on a private loss, and sweetened with so many circumstances as yours, to be impatient, to be uncomfortable, would be to dispute with God. Though an only son be inestimable, yet it is, like Jonah's sin, to be angry at God for the withering of his shadow. Zipporah, the delay had almost cost her husband his life, yet when he did but circumcise her son, in a womanish peevishness reproached Moses as a bloody husband. But if God take the son himself, but spare the father, shall we say that he is a bloody God? He that gave his own Son, may not he take ours? It is pride that makes a rebel; and nothing but the overweening of ourselves, and our own things, that raises us against Divine Providence. Whereas, Abraham's obedience was better than sacrifice. And if God please to accept both, it

is indeed a farther tryal, but a great honour. I could say over upon this beaten occasion, most of those lessons of morality and religion, which have been so often repeated, and are as soon forgotton. We abound with precept, but we want examples. You, Sir, that have all these things in your memory, and the clearness of whose judgment is not to be obscured by any greater interposition, should be exemplary to others in your own practice. 'Tis true, it is a hard task to learn and teach at the same time. And where yourselves are the experiment, it is as if a man should dissect his own body, and read the anatomy lecture. But I will not heighten the difficulty, while I advise the attempt. Only, as in difficult things, you would do well to make use of all that may strengthen and assist you; the word of God, the society of good men, and the books of the ancients; there is one way more, which is, by diversion, business, and activity, which are also necessary to be used in their season. But I, who live to so little purpose, can have little authority, or ability to advise you in it.

From your very affectionate friend,

and most humble servant,

ANDREW MARVELL."

[As the history of PARKER, BISHOP OF OXFORD, is so much blended with that of Marvell's, and gave rise to one of his best productions, we deem a Biographical Sketch of him not inapplicable, at the end of Marvell's life.]

SAMUEL PARKER was born at *Northampton*, in the year 1640. He was the Son of *John Parker, Esq.** afterwards Serjeant at Law, and one of the Barons of the Exchequer, in 1659. Young Parker was educated among the Puritans, at Northampton, from whence he was sent to Wadham College, Oxford, and admitted in 1659. Here it is said he led a strict and religious life, and entered into a weekly society, which met at a house in Halywell, where they fed on *thin broth*, made of oat-meal and water only, for which they were commonly called *Gruellers*. "Among these," says Marvell, "it was observed *he* was wont to put more *graves* than all the rest into his porridge," and was deemed "one of the *precious*est young men in the University." These mortified saints, it seems, held their chief meetings at the house of "Bess Hampton, an old and crooked maid, that drove the trade of laundry, who being from her youth very much given to the godly party, as they called themselves, had frequent meetings, especially for those that were her customers." Such is the dry humour of honest Anthony Wood, who paints like the *Ostade* of literary history.

* Parker's father was a lawyer, and one of Oliver's most submissive committee-men. He wrote a very remarkable book in defence of "The Government of the People of England." It had "a most hieroglyphical title" of several emblems; two hands joined, and beneath a sheaf of arrows, stuffed about with half a dozen mottoes, "enough," says Marvell, "to have supplied the mantlings, and achievement of this (godly) family." An anecdote in the secret history of Parker is probably true: that "he inveighed against his *father's* memory, and in his *mother's* presence, before witnesses—denouncing them as a couple of whining fanatics."

But the age of sectarianism, and thin gruel, was losing all its coldness in the sunshine of the Restoration; and this "precious young man," from praying, and caballing against Episcopacy, suddenly acquainted the world, in one of his dedications, that Dr. RALPH BATHURST had rescued him from "the chains and fetters of an unhappy education;" and, without any intermediate apology, from a sullen sectarist, turned a flaming highflyer for the "supreme dominion" of the church. Parker removed to Trinity College, Oxford, where in 1663, he took the degree of Master of Arts, and soon after entering into orders, he resorted frequently to London, and became chaplain to a nobleman; and displayed his wit in droleries, and reflections on his old friends, the Puritans.

Marvell admirably describes Parker's journies to the Metropolis at the Restoration, where "he spent a considerable time in creeping into all corners, and companies, *horoscoping* up and down concerning the duration of the government." This term, so expressive of his political doubts, is from Judicial Astrology, then a prevalent study. "Not considering any thing as best, but as most lasting, and most profitable; and after having many times cast a figure, he at last satisfied himself that the Episcopal government would endure as long as this King lived; and from thenceforwards cast about to find the highway to preferment. To do this, he daily enlarged not only his conversation, but his conscience; and was made free of some of the town vices; imagining, like *Muleasses*, king of Tunis, (for I take witness that on all occasions I treat him rather above his quality than otherwise,) that by hiding himself among the *onions*, he should escape being traced by his perfumes." The narrative proceeds with a curious detail of all his sycophan-

tic attempts at seducing useful patrons, among whom was the Archbishop of Canterbury. Then began "those pernicious books," says Marvell, "in which he first makes all that he will, to be law, and then whatsoever is law, to be divinity."

It is the after-conduct of Parker, that throws light on this rapid change. On speculative points any man may be suddenly converted; for these may depend on facts or arguments, which might never have occurred to him before. But when we observe this "preciouslest Grueller" clothed in purple; when we watch the weather-cock chopping with the wind, so pliant to move, and so stiff when fixed, and equally hardy in the most opposite measures, become a favourite with James II., and a furious advocate for arbitrary government; when we see him railing at, and menacing, those among whom he had committed as many extravagancies as any of them; can we hesitate to decide, that this bold, haughty, and ambitious man, was one of those, who having neither religion nor morality for a casting weight, can easily fly off to opposite extremes; and whether a Puritan or a Bishop, we must place his zeal to the same side of his religious ledger, that of the profits of *barter*.

In 1665, he was elected Fellow of the Royal Society, and published about that time, some Physico-Theological Essays, which he dedicated to Dr. SHELDON, Archbishop of Canterbury, who became his patron, and in 1667, made him his Chaplain. Being thus put into the road to preferment, he left Oxford, and resided at *Lambeth*, under the eye of his patron, who in 1670, collated him to the Archdeaconry of Canterbury; and, in the same year, he had the degree of Doctor of Divinity conferred upon him at Cambridge. In 1672, he was installed into

one of the prebends of Canterbury; and collated also by the Archbishop, about the same time, to the rectories of Ickham and Chartham, in Kent.

As Dr. Parker distinguished himself by his zeal in support of every exorbitant claim, both of the Church and of the Crown, he maintained an unreserved obsequiousness to the Court, during the reign of Charles II.; and upon the accession of his brother to the throne, he continued in the same servile compliance, and it was not long before he reaped the fruits of it in the bishopric of *Oxford*, to which he was nominated by King James II. in 1686. He was also made a Privy Counsellor, and constituted, in an illegal manner, by a royal *mandamus*, President of Magdalen College, in Oxford, which was justly and severely censured.

Parker's desire to obtain court-favour was so strong, that he appeared willing to sacrifice his religion to it; for when King James was endeavouring to establish *Popery* in England, he wrote *in favour* of Transubstantiation, and the worship of saints and images. The Papists, it is certain, made sure of him as a proselyte. In a letter from a Jesuit of Liege to a Jesuit of Fribourg, dated February 2, 1688, is this passage:—"The Bishop of Oxford seems to be a great favourer of the Catholic faith: he proposed in council, whether it was not expedient that one college at least, in Oxford, should be allowed the Catholics, that they might not be forced to be at so much charge, in going beyond sea to study. But it is not yet known what answer was made. The same Bishop having invited two of our Noblemen, (*i. e.* Roman Catholics) with others of the Nobility, to a feast, drank the King's health to a certain heretical Lord there, wishing his Majesty good success in *all* his undertakings:

adding, also, that the religion of the Protestants in England did not seem to him in a better condition than *Buda* was before it was taken, and that they were next to atheists that defended that faith."

In another letter, from *Father Edward Petre*, a Jesuit, and Privy Counsellor to King James, directed to *Father La Chaise*, and dated February 9, the same year, are these words:—"The Bishop of Oxford has not yet declared himself openly: the great obstacle is his *wife*, whom he cannot rid himself of; his design being to continue Bishop, and only change communion; as it is not doubted but the King will permit, and our holy Father confirm; though I do not see how he can be further useful to us in the religion he is in, because he is suspected, and *of no esteem among the heretics* of the English church; nor do I see that the example of his conversion is like to draw many others after him, because he declared himself so suddenly. If he had believed my counsel, which was to temporize for some longer time, he would have done better, but it is his zeal that hurried him on." These two letters were first printed in a collection of tracts, in 4to. published in 1689.

Parker observed so little decency in his compliance with every measure of the Court, however unjustifiable, and his servility was so gross and open, that he became quite *contemptible*, and his influence and authority in his diocese were so insignificant, that, when he assembled his clergy, and desired them to subscribe an address of thanks to the King, for his declaration of liberty of conscience, (which was issued merely to favour the Catholics) they rejected it with such an unanimity, that he got but one single clergyman to concur with him in it. The last effort he made to serve the Court, was his publishing

“Reasons for abrogating the Test.” This book, BISHOP BURNETT observes, raised such a disgust against Parker, “even in those that had been formerly but too much influenced by him, which, when he perceived, he sunk under it.” At length, finding himself *despised* by all good men, the trouble of mind occasioned thereby, and, perhaps, a guilty knowledge as to the mode of Marvell’s death, threw him into a distemper, of which he died unlamented, at the President’s lodgings, in Magdalen College, on the 20th March, 1687. He was the author of several books, both in English and Latin; and, among others, a “History of his own Times.” He left a son, who was a man of learning, and published several works, but he would never take the oaths after the Revolution.

This gentleman has been called a clergyman, but he was never in orders. Mr. Parker appears to have been a very different character to his father, and was highly esteemed by all who knew him. He died July 14, 1730. One of his sons, a bookseller, at Oxford, died at an advanced age, not many years ago. Dr. Johnson mentions him by the familiar name of *Sack Parker*, with great kindness.* Kennett, Bishop of Peterborough, once had a female asking charity of him, as the daughter of a Bishop. He thought her an impostor, but, on inquiry, he ascertained that she was really the daughter of Parker, Bishop of Oxford.

* See Boswell’s Life of Johnson.

S E L E C T I O N S

FROM THE

POETICAL WORKS OF MARVELL.

As a *Poet*, MARVELL was certainly unequal, and some of his most beautiful passages are alloyed with vulgarism and common-place similes. His early poems express a fondness for the charms of rural and pastoral scenes, with much delicacy of sentiment; and are full of fancy, after the manner of COWLEY and his contemporaries. Marvell's *wit* was debased, indeed, by the coarseness of the time, and his *imagination* by its conceits; but he had a true vein of poetry. The first edition of his poems, in folio, 1681, was surreptitious, and contains the following impudent preface:—

“TO THE READER,

These are to certify every ingenious reader, that all these poems, as also the other things in this book contained, are printed according to the exact copies of *my late dear husband*, under his own hand-writing, being found since his death, among his other papers. Witness my hand, this 15th day of October, 1680.

MARY MARVELL.”

Marvell was never married, and therefore this cheat was soon detected; but a bookseller bought his manuscripts from the woman in whose house he lodged. As few other poems, besides those contained in this edition, exist, it is to be feared that what this person thought *unsaleable*, were destroyed.

We commence our selection with the following interesting poem, which is perhaps the most finished, and, on the whole, the best in the collection:—

THE NYMPH COMPLAINING FOR THE DEATH
OF HER FAWN.

The wanton troopers riding by,
Have shot my fawn, and it will die.
Ungentle-men! They cannot thrive
Who kill'd thee. Thou ne'er didst, alive,
Them any harm: alas! nor could
Thy death yet do them any good.
I'm sure I never wish'd them ill;
Nor do I for all this; nor will:
But, if my simple prayers may yet
Prevail with heaven to forget
Thy murder, I will join my tears,
Rather than fail. But, O my fears!
It cannot die so. Heaven's king
Keeps register of every thing;
And nothing may we use in vain,
Ev'n beasts must be with justice slain;
Else men are made their *deodands*.
Though they should wash their guilty hands
In this warm life-blood, which doth part
From thine, and wound me to the heart,
Yet could they not be clean: their stain
Is dy'd in such a purple grain.
There is not such another in
The world, to offer for their sin.

Inconstant SYLVIO, when yet
I had not found him counterfeit,
One morning, (I remember well,)
Ty'd in this silver chain and bell,
Gave it to me: nay, and I know
What he said then; I'm sure I do.
Said he, "Look how your huntsman here
Hath taught a *fawn* to hunt his *dear*."

But Sylvio soon had me beguil'd :
This waxed tame, while he grew wild ;
And quite regardless of my smart,
Left me his *fawn*, but took his *heart*.

Thenceforth I set myself to play
My solitary time away,
With this : and, very well content,
Could so mine idle life have spent.
For it was full of sport ; and light
Of foot, and heart ; and did invite
Me to its game : it seem'd to bless
Itself in me. How could I less
Than love it ? O, I cannot be
Unkind t' a beast that loveth me.

Had it liv'd long, I do not know
Whether it too might have done so
As Sylvio did : his gifts might be
Perhaps as false, or more, than he.
But I am sure, for ought that I
Could in so short a time espy,
Thy love was far more better than
The love of false and cruel man.

With sweetest milk and sugar, first
I it at mine own fingers nurs'd ;
And as it grew, so every day
It wax'd more white and sweet than they.
It had so sweet a breath ! and oft
I blush'd to see its foot more soft,
And white, shall I say than *my* hand !
Nay, any lady's of the land.

It is a wond'rous thing, how fleet
'Twas on those little silver feet.
With what a pretty skipping grace
It oft would challenge me the race ;
And when't had left me far away,
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay.
For it was nimbler much than hinds ;
And trod, as if on the Four Winds.

I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown,
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness ;
And all the spring-time of the year
It only loved to be there.
Among the beds of lilies I
Have sought it oft, where it should lie ;
Yet could not, till itself would rise,
Find it, although before mine eyes.
For in the flaxen lily's shade,
It like a bank of lilies laid.
Upon the roses it would feed,
Until its lips ev'n seem'd to bleed ;
And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
And print those roses on my lip.
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill ;
And its pure virgin limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold.
Had it liv'd long, it would have been
Lilies without—roses within.

O help! O help! I see it faint,
And die as calmly as a saint.
See how it weeps! The tears do come
Sad, slowly, dropping like a gum.
So weeps the wounded balsam, so
The holy frankincense doth flow.
The brotherless *Heliades*
Melt in such amber tears as these.

I in a golden phial will
Keep these two crystal tears, and fill
It, till it doth o'erflow with mine—
Then place it in Diana's shrine.

Now my sweet fawn is vanish'd to
Whither the swans and turtles go ;
In fair Elysium to endure,
With milk-white lambs, and ermines pure.

O do not run too fast; for I
Will but bespeak thy grave, and die.

First, my unhappy statue shall
Be cut in marble; and withal,
Let it be weeping too; but there
Th' engraver sure his art may spare;
For I so truly thee bemoan,
That I shall weep though I be stone,
Until my tears, still dropping, wear
My breast, themselves engraving there.
There at my feet shalt thou be laid,
Of purest alabaster made;
For I would have thine image be
White as I can, though not as thee.



The following stanzas are supposed to be sung by a party of those voluntary exiles for conscience' sake, who, in a profligate age, left their country, to enjoy religious freedom in regions beyond the Atlantic. The scene is laid near the *Bermudas*, or *Summer Islands*, as they are now called:—

THE EMIGRANTS.

Where the remote Bermudas ride,
In th' ocean's bosom unesp'y'd;
From a small boat that row'd along,
The list'ning winds receiv'd this song.

“What should we do but sing his praise,
That led us through the wat'ry maze,
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own.
Where He the huge sea-monsters racks,
That lift the deep upon their backs;
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms, and *prelates' rage*.
He gave us this eternal spring,
Which here enamels every thing;

And sends the fowls to us in care,
On daily visits through the air.
He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranates close,
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows.
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet;
But apples plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice.
With cedars chosen by his hand,
From Lebanon, He stores the land.
And makes the hollow seas, that roar,
Proclaim the ambergrease on shore.
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The *Gospel's* pearl upon our coast,
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple, where to sound his name.
Oh! let our voice his praise exalt,
'Till it arrive at heav'n's vault;
Which thence, perhaps, rebounding, may
Echo beyond the Mexique bay."

Thus sung they in the English boat,
An holy and a cheerful note;
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

THE CORONET.

When with the thorns with which I long, too long,
With many a piercing wound,
My Saviour's head have crown'd,
I seek with garlands to redress that wrong;
Through every garden, every mead,
I gather flow'rs (my fruits are only flow'rs)
Dismantling all the fragrant towers
That once adorn'd my shepherdess's head.
And now, when I have summ'd up all my store,
Thinking (so I myself deceive)
So rich a chaplet thence to weave
As never yet the King of glory wore;

Alas! I find the Serpent old,
 Twining in his speckled breast,
 About the flow'rs disguis'd does fold,
 With wreaths of fame and interest.
 Ah, foolish man, that would'st debase with them,
 And mortal glory, Heav'n's diadem!
 But thou who only could'st the Serpent tame,
 Either his slipp'ry knots at once untie,
 And disentangle all his winding snare;
 Or shatter too with him my curious frame;
 And let these wither so that he may die,
 Though set with skill, and chosen out with care.
 That they, while thou on both their spoils dost tread,
 May crown thy feet, that could not crown thy head.

The following fanciful and ingenious "*Dialogue between Soul and Body*," is well known as the original of several quaint and witty imitations:—

SOUL.

O who shall from this dungeon raise
 A soul enslav'd so many ways?
 With bolts and bones, that fetter'd stands
 In feet, and manacled in hands.
 Here blinded with an eye, and there
 Deaf with the drumming of an ear,
 A soul hung up, as 'twere, in chains
 Of nerves, and arteries, and veins.
 Tortur'd, besides each other part,
 In a vain head, and double heart.

BODY.

O who shall me deliver whole,
 From bonds of this tyrannic soul?
 Which stretch'd upright, impales me so,
 That mine own precipice I go;
 And warms and moves this needless frame;
 (A fever could but do the same.)
 And, wanting where its spight to try,
 Has made me live to let me die.

A body that could never rest,
Since this ill spirit it possess'd.

SOUL.

What magic could me thus confine
Within another's grief to pine?
Where, whatsoever it complain,
I feel, that cannot feel, the pain.
And all my care itself employs,
That to preserve which me destroys;
Constrain'd not only to endure
Diseases, but what's worse, the cure;
And ready oft the port to gain,
And shipwreck'd into health again.

BODY.

But physic yet could never reach
The maladies thou me dost teach;
Whom first the cramp of hope does tear;
And then the palsy shakes, of fear.
The pestilence of love does heat,
Or hatred's hidden ulcer eat.
Joys chearful madness does perplex;
Or sorrow's other madness vex;
Which knowledge forces me to know;
And memory will not forego.
What but a soul could have the wit
To build me up for sin so fit?
So architects do square and hew
Green trees that in the forest grew.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE RESOLVED SOUL,
AND CREATED PLEASURE.

Courage, my soul, now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield.
Close on thy head thy helmet bright;
Balance thy sword against the fight.
See where an army, strong as fair,
With silken banners spread the air.

Now, if thou be'st that thing divine,
In this day's combat let it shine;
And shew that nature wants an art
To conquer one resolved heart.

PLEASURE.

Welcome the creation's guest,
Lord of earth, and heaven's heir;
Lay aside that warlike crest,
And of nature's banquet share:
Where the souls of fruits and flowers
Stand prepar'd to heighten yours.

SOUL.

I sup above, and cannot stay,
To bait so long upon the way.

PLEASURE.

On these downy pillows lie,
Whose soft plumes will thither fly:
On these roses, strew'd so plain,
Lest one leaf thy side should strain.

SOUL.

My gentle rest is on a thought,
Conscious of doing what I ought.

PLEASURE.

If thou be'st with perfumes pleas'd,
Such as oft the Gods appeas'd,
Thou in fragrant clouds shall show,
Like another God below.

SOUL.

A soul that knows not to presume,
Is heaven's, and its own, perfume.

PLEASURE.

Every thing does seem to vie
Which should first attract thine eye:
But, since none deserves that grace,
In this crystal view thy face.

SOUL.

When the Creator's skill is priz'd,
The rest is all but earth disguis'd.

PLEASURE.

Hark how music then prepares,
For thy stay, these charming airs;
Which the posting winds recall,
And suspend the river's fall.

SOUL.

Had I but any time to lose,
On this I would it all dispose.
Cease tempter. None can chain a mind
Whom this sweet cordage cannot bind.

CHORUS.

Earth cannot shew so brave a sight,
As when a single soul does fence
The batt'ry of alluring sense;
And heaven views it with delight.
Then persevere; for still new charges sound;
And, if thou overcom'st, thou shalt be crown'd.

PLEASURE.

All that's costly, fair, and sweet,
Which scatteringly doth shine,
Shall within one beauty meet,
And she be only thine.

SOUL.

If things of sight such heavens be,
What heavens are those we cannot see?

PLEASURE.

Wheresoe'er thy foot shall go
The minted gold shall lie;
Till thou purchase all below,
And want new worlds to buy.

SOUL.

Wer't not for price, who'd value gold?
And that's worth nought that can be sold.

PLEASURE.

Wilt thou all the glory have
That war or peace commend?
Half the world shall be thy slave,
The other half thy friend.

SOUL.

What friends, if to myself untrue?
What slaves, unless I captive you?

PLEASURE.

Thou shalt know each hidden cause;
And see the future time:
Try what depth the centre draws;
And then to heaven climb.

SOUL.

None thither mounts by the degree
Of knowledge, but humility.

CHORUS.

Triumph, triumph, victorious soul!
The world has not one pleasure more:
The rest does lie beyond the pole,
And is thine everlasting store.

The Poem on *Paradise Lost*, though frequently prefixed to the editions of Milton, must not be omitted in this selection.

ON MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

When I beheld the poet blind, yet bold,
In slender book his vast design unfold,
Messiah crown'd, God's reconcil'd decree,
Rebelling angels, the forbidden tree,
Heav'n, hell, earth, chaos, all; the argument
Held me a while misdoubting his intent,
That he would ruin (for I saw him strong)
The sacred truths to fable and old song;
So Sampson grop'd the temple's posts in spite,
The world o'erwhelming to revenge his sight.

Yet, as I read, soon growing less severe,
I lik'd his project, the success did fear;
Thro' that wide field how he his way should find,
O'er which lame faith leads understanding blind;
Lest he'd perplex the things he would explain,
And what was easy he should render vain.

Or, if a work so infinite he span'd,
Jealous I was that some less skilful hand
(Such as disquiet always what is well,
And by ill imitating would excel)
Might hence presume the whole creation's day
To change in scenes, and show it in a play.

Pardon me, mighty poet, nor despise
My causeless, yet not impious, surmise :
But I am now convinc'd, and none will dare
Within thy labours to pretend a share.
Thou hast not miss'd one thought that could be fit,
And all that was improper dost omit ;
So that no room is here for writers left,
But to detect their ignorance or theft.

That majesty which thro' thy work doth reign,
Draws the devout, deterring the profane.
And things divine thou treat'st of in such state,
As them preserves, and thee, inviolate.
At once delight and horror on us seize,
Thou sing'st with so much gravity and ease :
And above human flight dost soar aloft,
With plume so strong, so equal, and so soft :
The bird nam'd from that paradise you sing
So never flags, but always keeps on wing.
Where couldst thou words of such a compass find ?
Whence furnish such a vast expanse of mind ?
Just heav'n thee, like *Tiresias*, to requite,
Rewards with prophecy thy loss of sight.

Well might'st thou scorn thy readers to allure
With tinkling rhyme, of thy own sense secure ;
While the *Town-Bayes* writes all the while and spells,
And like a pack-horse, tires without his bells.
Their fancies like our bushy points appear :
The poets tag them ; we for fashion wear.
I too, transported by the mode, commend,
And while I meant to praise thee, must offend.
Thy verse created like thy theme sublime,
In number, weight, and measure, needs not rhyme.

The next extract we make is descriptive of those two destructive engines, "*Eyes and Tears*," which the society for the abolition of war will, we fear, never be able to subdue:—

EYES AND TEARS.

How wisely Nature did decree
With the same eyes to weep and see !
That, having view'd the object vain,
They might be ready to complain.
And, since the self-deluding sight,
In a false angle takes each height,
These tears which better measure all,
Like wat'ry lines and plummets fall.
Two tears, which sorrow long did weigh,
Within the scales of either eye,
And then paid out in equal poise,
Are the true price of all my joys.
What in the world most fair appears,
Yea, even laughter, turns to tears :
And all the jewels which we prize,
Melt in these pendants of the eyes.
I have through every garden been,
Amongst the red, the white, the green ;
And yet from all those flow'rs I saw,
No honey, but these tears could draw.
So the all-seeing sun each day,
Distils the world with chymic ray ;
But finds the essence only showers,
Which straight in pity back he pours :
Yet happy they whom grief doth bless,
That weep the more, and see the less ;
And, to preserve their sight more true,
Bathe still their eyes in their own dew.
So Magdalen, in tears more wise
Dissolv'd those captivating eyes,
Whose liquid chains could flowing meet,
To fetter her Redeemer's feet.
Not full sails hasting loaden home,
Nor the chaste lady's pregnant womb,

Nor Cynthia teeming shows so fair,
As two eyes, swoln with weeping, are.
The sparkling glance that shoots desire,
Drench'd in these waves, does lose its fire.
Yea, oft the Thunderer pity takes,
And here the hissing lightning slakes.
The incense was to heaven dear,
Not as a perfume, but a tear!
And stars show lovely in the night,
But as they seem the tears of light.
Ope, then, mine eyes, your double sluice,
And practise so your noblest use;
For others too can see, or sleep,
But only human eyes can weep.
Now, like two clouds dissolving, drop,
And at each tear in distance stop :
Now, like two fountains, trickle down :
Now like two floods o'er-run and drown :
Thus let your streams o'erflow your springs,
Till eyes and tears be the same things ;
And each the other's difference bears ;
These weeping eyes, those seeing tears.



TO HIS COY MISTRESS.

Had we but world enough, and time
This coyness, lady, were no crime.
We would sit down and think which way
To walk, and pass our long love's day.
Thou by the Indian Ganges' side
Should'st rubies find : I by the tide
Of *Humber* would complain : I would
Love you ten years before the flood :
And you should, if you please, refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews.
My vegetable love should grow
Vaster than empires and more slow.
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze ;

Two hundred to adore each breast;
But thirty thousand to the rest.
An age at least to every part,
And the last age should shew your heart.
For, lady, you deserve this state;
Nor would I love at lower rate.

But at my back I always hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near;
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast *eternity*.
Thy beauty shall no more be found;
Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound
My echoing song: then worms shall try
That long-preserv'd virginity:
And your quaint honour turn to dust;
And into ashes all my lust.
The grave's a fine and private place,
But none, I think, do there embrace.

Now, therefore, while the youthful hue
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,
And while thy willing soul transpires
At every pore with instant fires,
Now let us sport us while we may;
And now, like am'rous birds of prey,
Rather at once our time devour,
Than languish in his slow chap'd power.
Let us roll all our strength, and all
Our sweetness up into one ball:
And tear our pleasures with rough strife,
Through the iron gates of life.
Thus, though we cannot make our sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run.

A DROP OF DEW.

See, how the orient dew
Shed from the bosom of the morn,
Into the blowing roses,
Yet careless of its mansion new,
For the clear region where 'twas born,
Round in itself incloses:

And in it's little globe's extent,
 Frames, as it can, its native element.
 How it the purple flow'r does slight,
 Scarce touching where it lies;
 But gazing back upon the skies,
 Shines with a mournful light,
 Like its own tear,
 Because so long divided from the sphere.
 Restless it rolls, and unsecure,
 Trembling, lest it grows impure;
 Till the warm sun pities its pain,
 And to the skies exhales it back again.
 So the *soul*, that drop, that ray,
 Of the clear fountain of eternal day,
 Could it within the human flow'r be seen,
 Rememb'ring still its former height,
 Shuns the sweet leaves, and blossoms green;
 And, recollecting its own light,
 Does, in its pure and circling thoughts, express
 The greater heaven in an heaven less.
 In how coy a figure wound,
 Every way it turns away:
 So the world excluding round,
 Yet receiving in the day.
 Dark beneath, but bright above;
 Here disdaining, there in love,
 How loose and easy hence to go;
 How girt and ready to ascend:
 Moving but on a point below,
 It all about does upward bend.
 Such did the Manna's sacred dew distil,
 White and entire, although congeal'd and chill;
 Congeal'd on earth; but does, dissolving, run
 Into the glories of th' almighty sun.

THE MOWER'S SONG.

My mind was once the true survey
 Of all these meadows fresh and gay;
 And in the greenness of the grass
 Did see its hopes as in a glass;

When *Juliana* came, and she,
What I do to the grass, does to my thoughts and me.

But these, while I with sorrow pine,
Grew more luxuriant still and fine :
That not one blade of grass you spy'd,
But had a flower on either side ;
When *Juliana* came, and she,
What I do to the grass, does to my thoughts and me.

Unthankful meadows, could you so
A fellowship so true forego,
And in your gaudy May-games meet,
While I lay trodden under feet ?
When *Juliana* came, and she,
What I do to the grass, does to my thoughts and me.

But what you in compassion ought,
Shall now by my revenge be wrought :
And flow'rs, and grass, and I, and all,
Will in one common ruin fall ;
For *Juliana* comes, and she,
What I do to the grass, does to my thoughts and me.

And thus, ye meadows which have been
Companions of my thoughts more green,
Shall now the heraldry become
With which I shall adorn my tomb ;
For *Juliana* comes, and she,
What I do to the grass, does to my thoughts and me.



The following address of the "*Mower to the Glow-worms*" is pretty and fanciful, and more in the taste of the times than Marvell's verses in general:—

THE MOWER TO THE GLOW WORMS.

Ye living lamps, by whose dear light
The nightingale does sit so late,
And studying all the summer-night,
Her matchless songs does meditate :

Ye country comets, that portend
No war, nor prince's funeral,
Shining unto no other end
Than to presage the grass's fall :
Ye glow-worms, whose officious flame
To wand'ring mowers show the way,
That in the night have lost their aim,
And after foolish fires do stray :
Your courteous lights in vain you waste,
Since *Juliana* here is come,
For she my mind hath so displac'd,
That I shall never find my home.

THE FAIR SINGER.

To make a final conquest of all me,
Love did compose so sweet an enemy,
In whom both beauties to my death agree,
Joining themselves in fatal harmony ;
That, while she with her *eyes* my heart does bind,
She with her *voice* might captivate my mind.
I could have fled from one but singly fair ;
My disentangled soul itself might save,
Breaking the curled trammels of her hair ;
But how should I avoid to be her slave,
Whose subtle art invisibly can wreath
My fetters of the very air I breathe ?
It had been easy fighting in some plain,
Where victory might hang in equal choice
But all resistance against her is vain,
Who has the advantage both of eyes and voice,
And all my forces needs must be undone,
She having gained both the wind and sun.

MOURNING.

You, that decypher out the fate
Of human offsprings from the skies,
What mean these infants, which, of late,
Spring from the stars of *Chlora's* eyes ?

Her eyes confus'd, and doubled o'er
With tears suspended ere they flow,
Seem bending upwards, to restore
To heaven, whence it came, their woe.

When, moulding of the watry spheres,
Slow drops untie themselves away;
As if she with those precious tears,
Would strew the ground where STREPHON lay.

Yet some affirm, pretending art,
Her eyes have so her bosom drown'd,
Only to soften, near her heart,
A place to fix another wound.

And, while vain pomp does her restrain,
Within her solitary bow'r,
She courts herself in am'rous rain;
Herself both Danæ, and the show'r.

Nay others, bolder, hence esteem,
Joy now so much her master grown,
That whatsoever does but seem
Like grief, is from her windows thrown.

Nor that she pays, while she survives,
To her dead love this tribute due;
But casts abroad these donatives,
At the installing of a new.

How wide they dream! the Indian slaves,
Who sink for pearl through seas profound,
Would find her tears yet deeper waves,
And not of one the bottom sound.

I yet my silent judgment keep,
Disputing not what they believe:
But sure as oft the *women* weep,
It is to be suppos'd they grieve.

One of the pleasantest of Marvell's poems, is his character of **HOLLAND**. It is pregnant with wit, and though long, we shall quote the greater part of it:—

THE CHARACTER OF HOLLAND.

Holland, that scarce deserves the name of land,
As but th' off-scouring of the British sand ;
And so much earth as was contributed
By English pilots when they heav'd the lead ;
Or what by th' ocean's slow alluvion fell,
Of shipwreck'd cockle and the muscle shell ;
This indigested vomit of the sea
Fell to the Dutch by just propriety.

Glad then, as miners who have found the ore,
They, with mad labour, fish'd the land to shore ;
And div'd as desperately for each piece
Of earth, as if't had been of ambergris ;
Collecting anxiously small loads of clay,
Less than what building swallows bear away ;
Or than those pills which sordid beetles roll,
Transfusing into them their dunghill soul.

How did they rivet with gigantic piles,
Through the centre their new-catched miles !
And to the stake a struggling country bound,
Where barking waves still bait the forced ground ;
Building their watery Babel far more high
To reach the sea, than those to scale the sky.

Yet still his claim the injur'd ocean lay'd,
And oft at *leap-frog* o'er their steeples play'd ;
As if on purpose it on land had come
To shew them what's their *mare liberum*.
A daily deluge over them does boil ;
The earth and water play at level coil.
The fish oft times the burgher dispossess'd,
And sat, not as a meat, but as a guest ;
And oft the Tritons, and the sea-nymphs, saw
Whole shoals of Dutch serv'd up for Cabillau ;

Or, as they over the new level rang'd
 For pickled herring, pickled herring chang'd.
 Nature, it seem'd, asham'd of her mistake,
 Would throw their land away at duck and drake,
 Therefore necessity that first made kings,
 Something like *government* among them brings.
 For, as with pigmies, who best kills the crane,
 Among the hungry he that treasures grain,
 Among the blind the one-ey'd blinkard reigns,
 So rules among the drowned he that drains.
 Not who first see the rising sun commands :
 But who could first discern the rising lands.
 Who best could know to pump an earth so leak,
 Him they their Lord, and Country's father, speak.
 To make a bank, was a great plot of state ;
 Invent a shov'l, and be a magistrate.
 Hence some small dike grave, unperceiv'd, invades
 The pow'r, and grows, as 'twere, a king of spades ;
 But, for less envy some join'd states endures,
 Who look like a commission of the sewers :
 For these Half-anders, half wet, and half dry,
 Nor bear strict service, nor pure liberty.

'Tis probable *religion*, after this,
 Came next in order ; which they could not miss.
 How could the Dutch but be converted, when
 Th' Apostles were so many fishermen ;
 Besides, the waters of themselves did rise,
 And, as their land, so them did re-baptise ;
 Tho' herring for their God few voices miss'd,
 And Poor-John to have been th' Evangelist.
 Faith, that could never twins conceive before,
 Never so fertile, spawn'd upon this shore
 More pregnant than their Marg'ret, that lay'd down
 For Hans-in-Kelder of a whole Hans-Town.

Sure when Religion did itself embark,
 And from the east would westward steer its ark,
 It struck, and splitting on this unknown ground,
 Each one thence pillag'd the first piece he found :
 Hence *Amsterdam*, Turk-Christian-Pagan-Jew,
 Staple of sects, and mint of schism grew ;

That bank of conscience, where not one so strange
 Opinion but finds credit, and exchange.
 In vain for Catholics ourselves we bear ;
 The universal church is only there.
 Nor can civility there want for tillage,
 Where wisely for their court they chose a village.
 How fit a title cloaths their governors,
 Themselves the hogs, as all their subjects boars !

Let it suffice to give their country fame,
 That it had one Civilis call'd by name,
 Some fifteen hundred and more years ago ;
 But surely never any that was so.

See but their mermaids, with their tails of fish,
 Reeking at church over the chasing-dish.
 A vestal turf, enshrin'd in earthenware,
 Fumes thro' the loop-holes of a wooden square.
 Each to the temple with these altars tend,
 But still does place it at her western end ;
 While the fat steam of female sacrifice
 Fills the priest's nostrils, and puts out his eyes.

* * * *

And now again our armed Bucentore
 Doth yearly their sea nuptials restore ;
 And now the Hydra of seven provinces
 Is strangled by our infant Hercules.
 Their tortoise wants it vainly stretched neck ;
 Their navy, all our conquest, or our wreck ;
 Or, what is left, their Carthage overcome,
 Would render fain unto our better Rome ;
 Unless our senate, lest their youth disuse
 The war, (but who would) peace, if beg'd, refuse.
 For now of nothing may our state despair,
 Darling of heaven, and of men the care ;
 Provided that they be what they have been,
 Watchful abroad, and honest still within ;
 For while our Neptune doth a trident shake,
 Steel'd with those piercing heads, Dean, Monck, and Blake,
 And while Jove governs in the highest sphere,
 Vainly in hell let Pluto domineer,

BRITANNIA AND RALEIGH.

BRITANNIA.

Ah! Raleigh, when thou didst thy breath resign
 To trembling JAMES, would I had quitted mine!
 "Cubs," didst thou call them? Had'st thou seen this brood
 Of Earls and Dukes, and Princes of the blood;
 No more of Scottish race thou would'st complain,
 Those would be blessings in this spurious reign.
 Awake, arise, from thy long bless'd repose,
 Once more with me partake of mortal woes.

RALEIGH.

What mighty power has forced me from my rest?
 Oh! mighty queen, why so untimely dress'd?

BRITANNIA.

Favour'd by night, conceal'd in this disguise,
 Whilst the lewd court in drunken slumber lies,
 I stole away, and never will return,
 Till England knows who did her city burn;
 Till Cavaliers shall favourites be deem'd,
 And loyal sufferers by the court esteem'd;
 Till LEIGH and GALLOWAY* shall bribes reject;
 Thus OSBORNE's golden cheat I shall detect:
 Till atheist LAUDERDALE shall leave this land,
 And Commons' votes shall cut-nose guards disband;
 Till Kate a happy mother shall become;
 Till CHARLES loves Parliaments, and JAMES hates Rome.

RALEIGH.

What fatal crimes make you for ever fly
 Your once loved court, and Martyr's progeny?

BRITANNIA.

A colony of French possess'd the court;
 Pimps, priests, buffoons, in privy-chamber sport.
 Such slimy monsters ne'er approach'd a throne
 Since Pharaoh's days, nor so defiled a crown.

* Leigh and Galloway were suspected to be bribed by the Earl of Danby, to vote with the Court.

In sacred ear tyrannic arts they croak,
Pervert his mind, and good intentions choak;
Tell him of golden India's fairy lands,
Leviathan, and absolute commands.
Thus, fairy-like, they steal the King away,
And in his room a changeling Louis lay.
How oft have I him to himself restored,
In's left the scale, in's right hand placed the sword!
Taught him their use, what dangers would ensue
To them who strive to separate these two;
The bloody Scottish chronicle read o'er,
Show'd him how many Kings in purple gore
Were hurl'd to hell by cruel tyrant Lore?

The other day famed SPENSER I did bring,
In lofty notes Tudor's bless'd race to sing;
How Spain's proud powers her virgin arms controll'd,
And golden days in peaceful order roll'd;
How like ripe fruit she dropp'd from off her throne,
Full of grey hairs, good deeds, and great renown.
As the Jessean hero did appease
Saul's stormy rage, and stopp'd his black disease,
So the learn'd bard, with artful song, suppress'd
The swelling passion of his canker'd breast,
And in his heart kind influences shed
Of country's love, by truth and justice bred.
Then to perform the care so well begun,
To him I show'd this glorious setting sun;
How, by her people's looks pursued from far,
She mounted on a bright celestial car,
Outshining Virgo or the Julian star.
Whilst in truth's mirror this good scene he spied,
Enter'd a dame bedeck'd with spotted pride:
Fair flower-de-luce within an azure field,
Her left hand bears, the ancient Gallic shield
By her usurp'd; her right a bloody sword,
Inscribed "Leviathan our Sovereign Lord;"
Her towery front a fiery meteor bears,
An exhalation bred of blood and tears.
Around her Jove's lewd ravenous curs complain,
Pale death, lust, tortures fill her pompous train;

She from the easy King truth's mirror took,
 And on the ground in spiteful fall it broke;
 Then frowning thus, with proud disdain she spoke:
 "Are thread-bare virtues ornaments for Kings?
 Such poor pedantic toys teach underlings.
 Do monarchs rise by virtue, or by sword?
 Who e'er grew great by keeping of his word?
 Virtue's a faint green-sickness to brave souls,
 Dastards their hearts, their active heat controls.
 The rival gods, monarchs of t'other world,
 This mortal poison among princes hurl'd;
 Fearing the mighty projects of the great
 Should drive them from their proud celestial seat,
 If not o'erawed by this new holy cheat.
 These pious frauds, too slight t'ensnare the brave,
 Are proper arts the long-ear'd rout t'enslave.
 Bribe hungry priests to deify your might,
 To teach your will's your only rule to right,
 And sound damnation to all dare deny't.
 Thus heaven's designs against heaven you shall turn,
 And make them feel those powers they once did scorn.
 When all the gobbling interest of mankind,
 By hirelings sold, to you shall be resign'd:
 And by impostures God and man betray'd,
 The church and state you safely may invade;
 So boundless Louis in full glory shines,
 Whilst your starved power in legal fetters pines.
 Shake off those baby-bands from your strong arms,
 Henceforth be deaf to that old witch's charms.
 Taste the delicious sweets of sovereign power,
 'Tis royal game whole kingdoms to deflower.
 Three spotless virgins to your bed I'll bring,
 A sacrifice to you, their God, and King.
 As these grow stale, we'll harass human kind,
 Rack nature, till new pleasures you shall find,
 Strong as your reign, and beauteous as your mind."

When she had spoke, a confused murmur rose,
 Of French, Scotch, Irish, all my mortal foes;
 Some English too! O shame! disguised I spied
 Led all by the wise Son-in-law of Hyde.

With fury drunk, like bacchanals they roar,
 "Down with that common Magna-Charta whore!"
 With joint consent on helpless me they flew,
 And from my Charles to a base gaol me drew;
 My reverend age, exposed to scorn and shame,
 To prigs, bawds, whores, was made the public game.
 Frequent addresses to my Charles I send,
 And my sad state did to his care commend;
 But his fair soul, transform'd by that French dame,
Had lost all sense of honour, justice, fame.
 He in's seraglio like a spinster sits,
 Besieged by w——s, buffoons, and bastard chits;
 Lull'd in security, rolling in lust,
 Resigns his crown to angel *Carwell's* trust;
 Her creature, *Osborne*, the revenue steals;
 False, French knave, *Anglesey* misguides the seals,
 Mac-James the Irish bigots do adore,
 His French and Teague command on sea and shore.
 The Scotch-scalado of our court two isles,
 False *Lauderdale*, with ordure all defiles.
 Thus the state's night-mared by this hellish rout,
 And no one left these furies to cast out.
 Ah! Vindex, come and purge the poison'd state;
 Descend, descend, e'er the cure's desperate.

RALEIGH.

Once more, great Queen, thy darling strive to save,
 Snatch him again from scandal and the grave;
 Present to's thoughts his long-scorn'd Parliament,
 The basis of his throne and government.
 In his deaf ears sound his dead father's name; *James*
 Perhaps that spell may's erring soul reclaim:
 Who knows what good effects from thence may spring?
 'Tis god-like good to save a falling King.

BRITANNIA.

Raleigh, no more, for long in vain I've tried
The Stuart from the tyrant to divide;
 As easily learned virtuosos may
 With the dog's blood his gentle kind convey
 Into the wolf, and make him guardian turn
 To th' bleating flock, by him so lately torn.

If this imperial juice once taint his blood,
'Tis by no potent antidote withstood.
Tyrants, like leprous Kings, for public weal
Should be immured, lest the contagion steal
Over the whole. Th' elect of th' Jessan line
To this firm law their sceptre did resign :
And shall this base tyrannic brood invade
Eternal laws, by God for mankind made?
To the serene Venetian state I'll go,
From her sage mouth famed principles to know,
With her the prudence of the ancients read,
To teach my people in their steps to tread ;
By their great pattern such a state I'll frame,
Shall eternize a glorious lasting name.

Till then, my Raleigh, teach our noble youth
To love sobriety, and holy truth.
Watch and preside over their tender age,
Lest court-corruption should their souls engage.
Teach them how arts and arms, in thy young days,
Employ'd our youth—not taverns, stews, and plays.
Tell them the generous scorn their rise does owe
To flattery, pimping, and a gaudy show.
Teach them to scorn the Carwells, Portsmouths, Nells,
The Cleavelands, Osbornes, Berties, Lauderdale's :
Poppæa, Tegoline, and Arteria's name,
All yield to these in lewdness, lust, and fame.
Make them admire the TALBOTS, SYDNEYS, VERES,
DRAKE, CAVENDISH, BLAKE, men void of slavish fears ;
True sons of glory—pillars of the state,
On whose fam'd deeds all tongues and writers wait.
When with fierce ardour their bright souls do burn,
Back to my dearest country I'll return.
Tarquin's just judge, and Cæsar's equal peers,
With them I'll bring to dry my people's tears :
Publicola with healing hands shall pour
Balm in their wounds, and shall their life restore ;
Greek arts and Roman arms, in her conjoin'd,
Shall England raise, relieve oppress'd mankind.
As Jove's great son th' infested globe did free
From noxious monsters, hell-born tyranny,

So shall my England, in a holy war,
 In triumph lead chain'd tyrants from afar;
 Her true Crusado shall at last pull down
 The Turkish crescent, and the Persian sun.
 Freed by thy labours, fortunate, bless'd isle,
 The earth shall rest, the heaven shall on thee smile;
 And this kind secret for reward shall give,
 NO POISON'D TYRANTS ON THY EARTH SHALL LIVE.

ON COLONEL BLOOD'S ATTEMPT TO STEAL THE CROWN.*

When daring BLOOD, his rent to have regain'd,
 Upon the English diadem *distrain'd*;
 He chose the cassock, circingle, and gown,
 The fittest mask for one that robs the crown;
 But his *lay-pity* underneath prevail'd,
 And whilst he sav'd the keeper's life, he fail'd.
 With the priest's vestment had he but put on
 The *prelates' cruelty*, the crown had gone.

* This daring ruffian was notorious for seizing the person of the DUKE OF ORMOND, with an intention to hang him at Tyburn, and for stealing the Crown out of the Tower. He was nearly successful in both these enterprises. The cunning of this fellow was equal to his intrepidity. He told the King, by whom he was examined, that he had undertaken to kill him; and that he went for that purpose to a place in the river where he bathed; but was struck with so profound an awe upon the sight of his (*naked*) Majesty, that his resolution failed him, and he entirely laid aside his design: that he belonged to a band of ruffians equally desperate with himself, who had bound themselves by the strongest oaths, to revenge the death of any of their associates. Upon which he received the royal pardon, and a handsome pension. He was no longer considered as an impudent criminal, but as a Court favourite; and application was made to the throne, through the mediation of Mr. Blood. He died the 24th August, 1680. ROCHESTER, in his "History of Insipids," notices this villain in the following lines:—

"Blood, that wears treason in his face,
 Villain complete in parson's gown,
 How much is he at court in grace,
 For stealing Ormond and the Crown!
 Since loyalty does no man good,
 Let's steal the *King* and outdo Blood."

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